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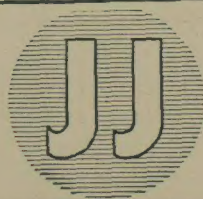
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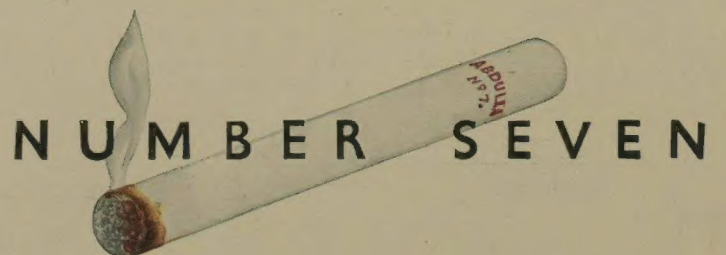
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The trees and hedges glowing brown against the green acres . . . and the violent glitter of scarlet flickering in and out of view. The peaceful glory of an awakening November morning . . . and the little friendly groan of leather rubbing leather. The anticipation of vigorous hours to come . . . and the stolen pleasure of a few lazy minutes. And for perfection one thing more —



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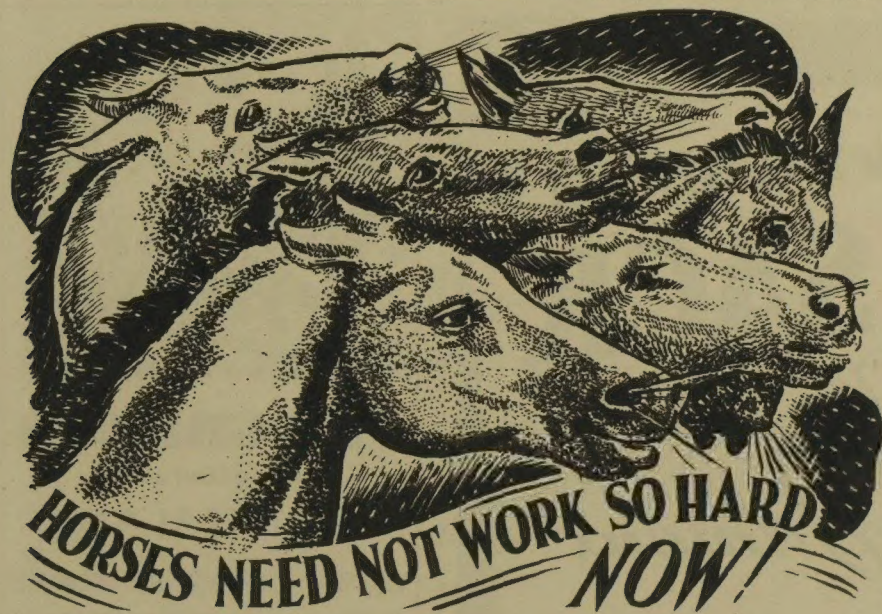
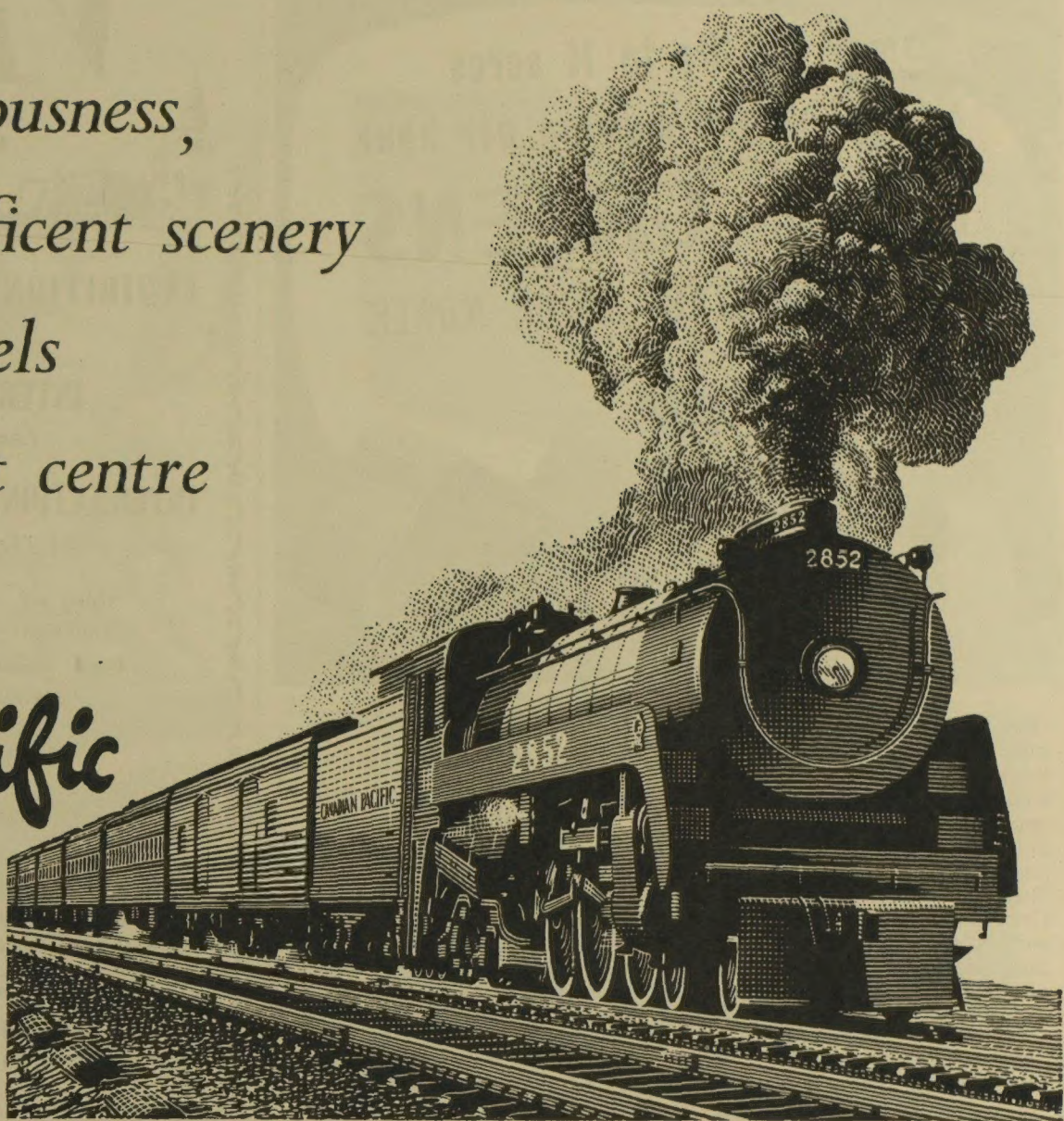


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**INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL**

(August 20th • September 10th)

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- ★ Superb styling with perfectly balanced proportions.
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movement of  
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*June 4 to July 24*  
*1951*



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1951.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AS GREAT MASTER OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH  
BY H.M. THE KING: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY IN THE KING HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On May 24 his Majesty the King, as Sovereign of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, attended a service held in Westminster Abbey for the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Great Master of the Order. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Order, the King Henry VII. Chapel, in the presence of the Knights Grand Cross and the Officers of the Order. The ceremony of installation, which had been in abeyance for many years, was restored in 1913, and was last held in 1935, so that, in addition to the Duke of Gloucester, there were twenty-nine (twenty-seven were able to attend) Knights Grand Cross to be installed. The Sovereign, the Great Master, the Knights Grand Cross and the Officers of the Order having assembled in the Chapter House with the Canons

of Westminster, passed in procession, preceded by trumpeters, the choir and Minor Canons, from the west cloister door up the centre of the nave. The King proceeded to his stall in the choir, watched by H.M. the Queen, who had taken up her place in the Sanctuary, for the preparatory service. The procession then re-formed and passed to the King Henry VII. Chapel for the installation of the Great Master by the King. After the oath had been administered by the Dean, Dr. Alan C. Don, the Great Master in turn proceeded to the installation of the Knights Grand Cross. The ceremony concluded with the newly installed Knights holding their swords hilt forward towards the altar and sheathing them again simultaneously with the Great Master.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN, most appropriately, the organisers of the South Bank Exhibition labelled the pavilion devoted to the intangibles of the British heritage "The Lion and the Unicorn," they hit on a large and happy truth. In this particular exhibit the Lion himself is on the whole conspicuous by his absence: D-Day and King Harry before Harfleur; the disciplined ranks on the *Birkenhead's* deck and the *Victory's* cockpit at Trafalgar; St. Boniface going out unarmed through the forests of Central Europe to convert the pagan Germans, and Livingstone a thousand years later emulating his feat in darkest Africa; Florence Nightingale in the Scutari wards and Howard in the felons' stinking jails: such are the children of the Lion, and they seem to have little place in Mr. Morrison's glittering plastic waxworks show. (And whatever its superficial appearance from the outside, a first-class and brilliant and imaginative show it is!) The Lion, however, has been exhibiting himself in his wonted way in Korea, so, less than a decade after Alamein and D-Day, he is unlikely to be forgotten even by the most unthinking of visitors. And the Unicorn is well and happily to the fore and represented in particular by the White Knight, fully equipped at all points of his lovable eccentricity and absurdity. Incidentally, the finest Unicorn exhibit of

all was provided by a she-mouse who established herself and her family in the lion's mouth which, being fashioned of straw, provided her both with a home and a larder. Unfortunately, this unplanned item was accidentally discovered by the authorities a few days before the opening day and hastily removed. Had it been allowed to remain, whatever the effects on the lion's mouth, it would, I fancy, have been by far the greatest attraction of the entire Exhibition, to at any rate the British visitors. That enterprising mouse and its offspring would have been by now as famous and popular as the Zoo Panda, and with good reason. For it had done exactly what was needed to win the heart of the great British public. In making itself a home with such psychological discrimination, it had placed itself where it would arouse in them, not the Lion but the Unicorn. Like the discriminating wren who made her nest on the roof of a perambulating railway carriage on one of our quieter branch lines a few years ago and so struck the headlines in every national newspaper, that mouse knew the way to Britannia's heart and to nation-wide fame. She was unfortunate—and the authorities, I think, foolish—and was given, I suppose, to the Exhibition cat. Had she lived, the bulk of the national cheese ration would probably have been laid at her feet.

The great British Public is like that. It has a lion's heart and a unicorn's mind. It is a mind which, though prosaic and even puddingy in its approach to nine out of ten of life's concerns, is eccentric and nonsensical in the other tenth to the point of near lunacy. I suppose this strain in us must arise from the mixture in our blood: from the Celtic, perhaps, contending with the Saxon; I do not know. All one can be sure of is that it is there and that it has been there for a very long time. That delightful poet, Richard Shelton, showed he possessed it, for instance, as long ago as the fifteenth century; his verse and his life were alike full of it. So did his anonymous contemporary who wrote a poem, rightfully enshrined in the "Oxford Book of English Verse," round a dialogue between an old farmer and his wife about an old cloak:

King Stephen was a worthy peer;  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
Therefore he called the tailor "lown."

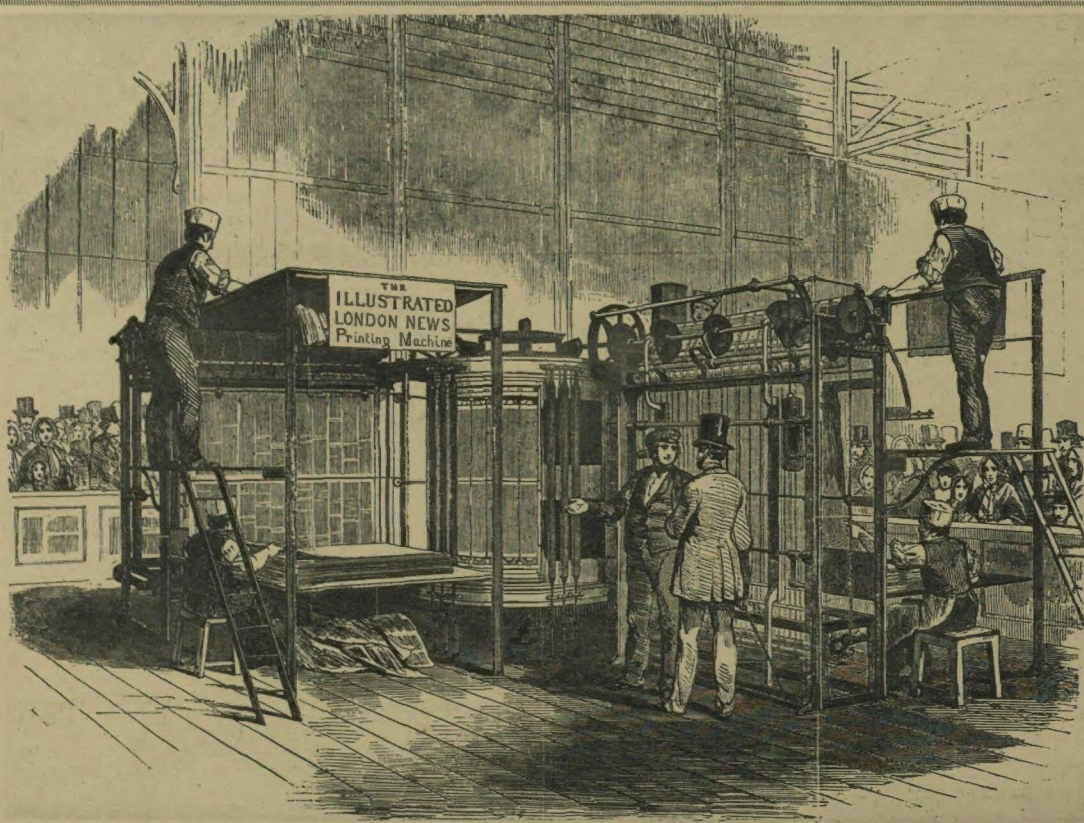
He was a king and wore the crown,  
And thou' se but of a low degree:  
It's pride that puts this country down:  
Man, take thy old cloak about thee!

Throughout our history runs a long and distinguished succession of eccentrics and comics of both sexes: of men and women who carried this

trait in our character to an abnormal length: country gentlemen among whom, in a more spacious age, it was almost an occupational disease; explorers, dons, schoolmasters, clergymen; even kings and princes of the blood royal. Nothing, it will be remembered, so endeared George III. to his subjects as his characteristic enquiry as to how the apple got into the dumpling; it probably more than compensated them for the loss of the American colonies. And in the most humdrum, ordinary English men of business and affairs there is frequently a strain of the same escapist lunacy: the kind of lunacy that makes them spend all their holidays playing golf and even longer talking about it, or causes them to collect postage-stamps or coloured match-boxes. It is a trait in the race of which dogs and cats are great beneficiaries; one wealthy and highly respected nineteenth-century English nobleman filled his whole house—an enormous Hertfordshire palace—with these fortunate creatures; let them sit at table and took them for drives, dressed in smocks and hats and lolling on the carriage cushions. In a less expensive age, in which the economic opportunities for eccentricity are fewer, the same phenomenon can frequently be observed in the form of dogs riding in sidecars or in the baskets of bicycles.

This attribute of absorption in the inessential has obviously been a great source of strength to the English. It may have made them occasionally neglectful of more important matters, but it has preserved a margin of reserve in their souls that has stood them in good stead in crisis after crisis. Drake, finishing his game of bowls, was merely exercising the Unicorn in him while resting the Lion against the hour when the Lion would be needed. Indeed, the exclusion of the Lion in favour of the Unicorn by the promoters of the South Bank Exhibition is probably instinctive wisdom in them; we have had as a people to put on the Lion too much in recent times and may well have to do so again in the near future, and an interval of relaxation with our Unicorns, private and collective, is probably all for the good. Lord Baldwin, in the days when he was Prime Minister, used to spend his spare time reading detective stories; Mr. Churchill prepared for his supreme hour of blood, sweat and tears by spending a great many pleasant hours sketching and laying bricks; Mr. Attlee, I dare say, is a follower of strip cartoons and the better able for them to absorb

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 31, 1851.



IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION: "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PRINTING MACHINE.

"The greatly-increasing demand for *The Illustrated London News* has induced the proprietors, in order to ensure an early weekly delivery to their customers, to apply to Mr. Applegarth to put up one of his vertical printing-machines in the Crystal Palace, which, while it will enable the proprietors to facilitate the Saturday morning early delivery, will also gratify the millions of enquiring visitors to the Great Exhibition." In our issue of June 14, 1851, there was an account of the Royal visit to see the printing machine: "The Vertical Printing Machine, invented by Mr. Applegarth, constructed by Mr. Middleton, and exhibited by Mr. Ingram, for printing *The Illustrated London News*, was examined in detail by her Majesty and Prince Albert. . . . Her Majesty and the Prince watched the progress of the paper through the machine, from its entrance as a blank sheet, to its exit as a 'pictured page' of current history; the Queen graciously accepting a copy, which Mr. Ingram had the honour of presenting. The Prince of Wales . . . visited the machine last week; as did also his Grace the Duke of Wellington. . . . The noble Duke sat down to watch the working of the Machine, and expressed himself highly gratified."

White Papers and National Plans. Even Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the most professional of ministers, was never happier or nearer the heart of his countrymen than when watching birds in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street—a hobby he shared with Lord Alanbrooke, the man who, perhaps more than any other, bore upon a single pair of shoulders the burden of Britain's war effort between 1941 and 1945. And what Englishman does not regard Dr. Johnson as a more compelling moralist because he collected orange-peel, fed his pet cat Hodge on oysters, and invariably and laboriously placed his feet in the middle of every paving-stone encountered on his walks abroad. It is what, in their opinion, makes him so lovable and so great. A man who did that sort of thing, they reckon, would be able to stand firm in all Hell's despite.

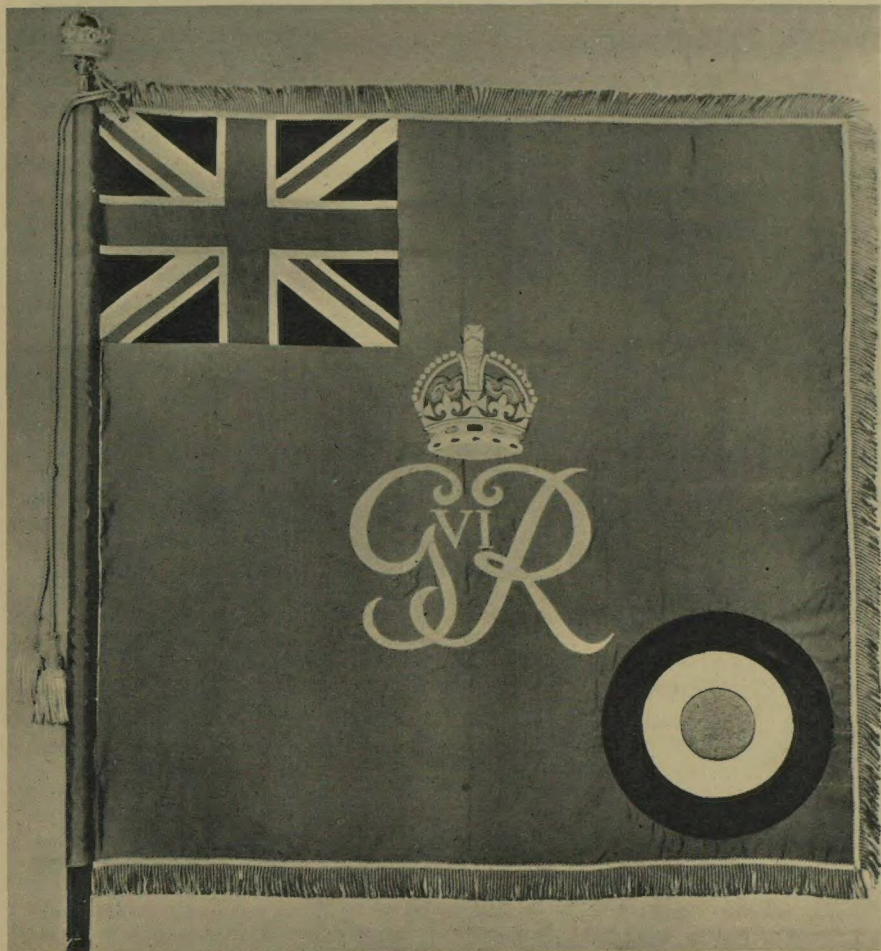
Indeed, I fancy, the success of Britain in war has not been wholly due to the Lion. Its eccentric and curious companion and rival, the Unicorn, has taken its place in battle too. It was there, for instance, in the London blitzes, soaring fantastically out of the irrepressible, invincible Cockney heart amid crashing masonry and the ruin of human hopes and homes—a perennial source of laughter and whimsical absurdity so valiant that, encountering it, one never knew whether to laugh or cry. And as long as it takes its wonted, honoured place on the quartering of Britain's arms, we shall remain what we have long been—a joke to everyone, a source of sustenance to a large number of little animals who might otherwise fare ill in a harsh world, and a force so resilient in adversity that it has never yet been ultimately defeated and, by the grace of God, never will be.



# ROYAL AND HISTORIC EVENTS; AND QUEEN MARY'S EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DEPUTISING FOR THE KING, INSPECTING THE PARADE OF 2500 MEN AND WOMEN OF THE R.A.F., WHEN THE KING'S COLOUR WAS PRESENTED TO THE SERVICE.



THE KING'S COLOUR OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, PRESENTED ON MAY 26, WITH THE UNION FLAG, THE ROYAL CIPHER AND THE R.A.F. ROUNDAL ON A SKY-BLUE GROUND.



A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE ROYAL AIR FORCE RECEIVES (FOR THE FIRST TIME) A KING'S COLOUR, FROM THE HANDS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH. RAIN FELL THROUGHOUT THE CEREMONY.

On May 26, in Hyde Park, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, deputising for the King (who was indisposed), presented the first King's Colour which the Royal Air Force, as a whole, have ever had. Despite the continuous rain which marred the ceremony, some 15,000 people watched the arrival of the Royal party, which included the Queen, Queen Mary (on her eighty-fourth birthday), Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. Also present were the Prime Minister and Mr. Henderson, Secretary of State for Air. Ninety-six jet fighters, *Vampires* and *Meteors*, flew over at the start of the parade, which consisted of about 2500 representatives from the eight Commands, No. 90 Group, the R.A.F. Regiment, the Apprentices and the W.R.A.F. The last-named wore the new hat for its first public parade. The Princess, who was attended by the Vice-Chief of Air Staff, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane, drove round the parade before presenting the Colour.



MARCHING WITH THE NEW COLOURS THEY HAD JUST RECEIVED FROM PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE 3RD BATTALION, THE GRENADIER GUARDS, LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



A GREATLY-LOVED ROYAL LADY: QUEEN MARY DRIVING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE FAMILY LUNCHEON WHICH MARKED THE OCCASION OF HER EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.



AFTER PAYING A CALL ON THEIR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND WISHING HER A HAPPY EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY: PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Saturday, May 26, was Queen Mary's eighty-fourth birthday, and the occasion was marked by the Royal family with a luncheon-party given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The King was still confined to his room with a mild attack of influenza, but about twenty guests were present, including Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. In the afternoon Queen Mary attended the ceremony at which Princess Elizabeth presented the King's Colour to the R.A.F. in Hyde Park. On the previous day, May 25, Princess Elizabeth, who is Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, deputised for the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, and presented new Colours to the 3rd Battalion, The Grenadier Guards, at a parade in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The parade, which took place in bright spring sunshine, was watched by many members of the Royal family, including the Queen and Queen Mary.



# THE WAR IN KOREA: AIR ATTACK; A NAPALM "MINEFIELD," AND OTHER ITEMS.



ON THE CENTRAL FRONT IN KOREA: A U.S. MARINE CORPS ROCKET MORTAR BATTERY IN ACTION AGAINST THE HORDES OF CHINESE INFANTRY.



SMOKE AND FLAME IN KOREA: A U.S. MARINE WITH A FLAME-THROWER ATTACKING AN ENEMY-HELD PILL-BOX ON THE CENTRAL FRONT.



AFTER AN ATTACK WITH INCENDIARY AND FRAGMENTATION BOMBS: AN IMPORTANT ENEMY SUPPLY DEPÔT NEAR SUKCHON, NORTH KOREA, ON FIRE FOLLOWING A VISIT BY U.N. B-26 INVADERS.



A NEW DEFENSIVE DEVICE ON TRIAL: THE DETONATION OF A NAPALM BOMB, ONE OF MANY LAID AT 200-YARD INTERVALS AS "MINEFIELDS" ALONG THE U.N. FRONT, WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE BRITISH FLAME-BARRAGE ANTI-INVASION DEVICES OF WORLD WAR II.



WITNESS TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE UNITED NATIONS Bomber Forces: A RAILWAY MARSHALLING YARD AT KUMCHON, NORTH KOREA, LEFT COMPLETELY DEVASTATED BY U.N. RAIDING AIRCRAFT.



THE END OF THE COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE IN KOREA: CHINESE PRISONERS BEING ROUNDED UP BY MEN OF THE 24TH INFANTRY DIVISION DURING FIGHTING IN THE MOUNTAINS FOLLOWING THE COLLAPSE OF THE SECOND PHASE OF THE ATTACK.



REPLACING THE "DIEHARDS" IN THE KOREAN THEATRE OF WAR: MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT INCHON, WHERE THEY DISEMBARKED TO RELIEVE THE 1ST BATTALION, THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.

The Communist offensive in Korea which began on April 22 and entered its second phase on May 16, burned itself out against the stolid defence of the Eighth Army, and on May 24 the United Nations, in turn, took the offensive along the entire front of 120 miles. On May 27 it was reported that U.N. troops, in relentless pursuit of the disorganised Chinese forces in central and east Korea, had sent six of their leading formations across the 38th Parallel. Large numbers of Chinese were surrendering to the Eighth Army, and the hills of east Korea were said to

be carpeted with enemy dead. In this signal defeat of hordes of Communist infantry, U.N. artillery, rocket mortars, flame-throwers, armour and aircraft have all played their part in establishing that superiority of fire-power which leads to victory; and during the desperate early days of the Communist attack, a new defensive weapon was devised. This was a "minefield" of napalm bombs which could create a wall of flame between attacker and attacked and can be compared to the flame-barrage devices that protected our coasts from invasion.





(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH.) PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE GLASGOW FESTIVAL EXHIBITION, INSPECTING A MODEL SWITCH-HOUSE AND PLANT IN THE HALL OF HYDRO-ELECTRICITY; AND (BELOW) SPEAKING WHEN SHE OPENED THE EXHIBITION. ON THE LEFT IS SIR VICTOR WARREN, THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

#### PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT GLASGOW: THE OPENING OF THE CITY'S FESTIVAL EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL POWER.

On May 28 Princess Elizabeth formally opened Glasgow's Festival Exhibition of Industrial Power in the Kelvin Hall. She had been welcomed at the Central Station by the Lord Provost, Sir Victor Warren, and she was cheered by large crowds on her way to the Exhibition. Describing herself as a lover of Scotland, she said that she was delighted that "this famous city has been chosen to

house that section of the Festival of Britain which tells the story of Industrial Power." After luncheon at the City Chambers, she opened the King George V. Playing Fields at Carnwadric, visited Cowglen Military Hospital (talking with several soldiers who had been wounded in Korea); and after inspecting the R.N.V.R. Club at Customs House Quay, attended a reception in the City Chambers.



PEOPLE AND EVENTS  
OF THE WEEK.PERSONALITIES IN THE  
PUBLIC EYE.

**THE DEATH OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TO BE APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF FIELD MARSHAL: SIR THOMAS BLAMEY.**  
Field Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey, Deputy C.-in-C. in the Middle East under Lord Wavell and later C.-in-C. of Allied Land Forces in Australia, died at Melbourne on May 27, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-seven. He was appointed to the rank of Field Marshal in the Australian Military Forces in the Birthday Honours, a little less than a year ago, being the first Australian to hold that rank.



**SIR JOHN LE ROUGETEL.**  
Appointed High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland. The post, which Sir John, who is at present Ambassador in Brussels, will take up in September will, at present, be held in conjunction with that of United Kingdom High Commissioner in the Union of South Africa.



**MR. CHRISTOPHER WARNER.**  
Appointed British Ambassador in Brussels in succession to Sir John Le Rougetel. Mr. Warner, who is fifty-six, and was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford, is an assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office. From 1923 to 1925 he served in Constantinople, and from 1925 to 1928 in Teheran.



**MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. MAURICE.**  
Died on May 19, aged eighty. He was Director of Military Operations from 1915 until May, 1918, when he was retired from the Army for a breach of discipline after challenging in all sincerity the good faith of the Prime Minister. He was keenly interested in the British Legion, being President from 1932-47.



**LORD HALL.**  
Has resigned from the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. Viscount Hall, formerly Mr. George Hall, M.P. for Aberdare, has been in poor health recently. He emphasised in his letter to the Prime Minister that his resignation was for personal reasons and not because of any disagreement.



**VICE-ADM. M. J. MANSEGRH.**  
To be C.-in-C. Plymouth in succession to Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the appointment to take effect in November, 1951. Born in 1896, he became Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, Fifth Sea Lord and Deputy Chief of Naval Staff in 1949. He commanded the 3rd Aircraft Carrier Squadron, 1948-49.



**MR. LINCOLN ELLSWORTH.**  
Died in New York on May 26, aged seventy-one. An American explorer, he made the first successful penetration of the Arctic by aircraft with Amundsen in two duralumin machines in 1925. In 1931 he was scientific director to the Wilkins-Ellsworth transarctic submarine expedition.



**FINALISTS IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: RICHARD CHAPMAN (LEFT), WHO DEFEATED HIS COMPATRIOT, CHARLES COE (RIGHT).**  
Mr. R. D. Chapman, of Pinehurst, North Carolina, beat twenty-seven-year-old Charles Coe, of Oklahoma, by five up and four to play over 36 holes at Porthcawl on May 26 in the final of the Amateur Championship. It was the third all-American final since the war and the third that Chapman, who is forty-one, has appeared in. He played a magnificent game and is a worthy and popular champion.



**APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LORD HALL AS FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: LORD PAKENHAM.**  
Lord Pakenham, who has been Minister of Civil Aviation since June, 1948, has been appointed to succeed Lord Hall as First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Pakenham, who is forty-five, has held Government office since 1946, the year after he was raised to the peerage. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from April 1947 until his appointment as Minister of Civil Aviation.

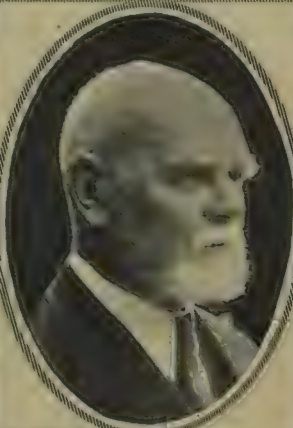


**ADMIRING A TOY ANIMAL PRESENTED TO HER FOR PRINCESS ANNE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE FLOWER BALL.**

Princess Elizabeth was present at the Flower Ball, held at the Savoy Hotel, London, on May 22, in aid of St. Loeys College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, of which she is Patron. The Princess was presented with gifts for Prince Charles and Princess Anne.



**INSTRUCTING WOMEN PILOTS IN THE TURKISH AIR FORCE: MAJOR SABIHA GOKCEN, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KEMAL ATATURK.**  
There are now several fully-trained women pilots in the Turkish Air Force. In our photograph we show some of them with their instructor, Major Sabiha Gokcen (right), Turkey's leading woman pilot and adopted daughter of the late Kemal Ataturk. Major Gokcen, who is thirty-six, recently volunteered for combat air service in Korea. In 1935 she was on active service against Kurdish rebels.



**DR. THEODOR KOERNER.**  
Elected Federal President of Austria on May 27, after a struggle with the Right-wing People's Party candidate, Dr. Gleissner. Dr. Koerner, who is seventy-nine, is Socialist Mayor of Vienna. Chief of Staff under the Austrian Republic in 1919, he was imprisoned during the Dollfuss and the Nazi régimes.



**TO BE FIRST SEA LORD AND CHIEF OF NAVAL STAFF: ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR.**  
To be First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape. The appointment is to take effect about December. Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, who joined the Navy as a cadet at the age of 12½, has been C.-in-C., Plymouth, since March last year, and is an expert in the handling of naval aircraft.



**WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL FILM AWARD TROPHIES: MR. HERBERT WILCOX, MISS ANNA NEAGLE AND MR. JOHN MILLS (RIGHT).**  
On May 24 Viscountess Rothermere presented the Daily Mail's sixth annual National Film Award trophies to Miss Anna Neagle, Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Mr. John Mills. The awards, decided by a poll of 1,250,000 filmgoers, went to Miss Neagle for her performance in "Odette," to Mr. Wilcox, with whom she produced it, and to Mr. Mills for his study of the doomed submarine commander in "Morning Departure."





A BRILLIANT OCCASION IN THE LOVELY GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE 3RD BATTALION, THE GRENADIER GUARDS, RECEIVES NEW COLOURS FROM PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



ROYAL LADIES WHO WATCHED THE PARADE FROM THE TERRACE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: IN THE FRONT ROW (L. TO R.), QUEEN ELIZABETH, QUEEN MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION); IN THE SECOND ROW (L. TO R.), PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

#### A ROYAL AND MILITARY CEREMONY: THE 3RD BATTALION, THE GRENADIER GUARDS, RECEIVES NEW COLOURS.

On May 26, in a ceremony in which the scarlet uniforms were in brilliant contrast to the green of the lawns and trees of the grounds of Buckingham Palace, Princess Elizabeth, deputising for the King, presented new Colours to the 3rd Battalion, The Grenadier Guards. After the old Colours had been marched off across the terrace and into the Bow Room of the Palace, her Royal

Highness inspected the battalion and gave the new Colours into the care of two subalterns. Speaking of the Colours she said: "Their fabric fades and must be renewed from time to time, but their message is constant and the reverence due to them is ever increasing." A photograph of the battalion marching from the Palace with their new Colours appears on another page.



## LONDON DURING TWO DISASTROUS YEARS.

"THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON 1665" AND "THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON 1666"; BY WALTER G. BELL.\*

An Appreciation by E. D. O'BRIEN.

WHEN a few years ago Walter Bell died, London lost probably her best and certainly her most loving historian. Bell was a mine of information about the old city and, as he pored over some document, whistling that perpetual, almost soundless, whistle, and with that pre-Bevan toupet which we his colleagues regarded with affectionate disrespect slightly awry, one felt that he looked at the streets of London, not with the eyes of to-day, but with the eyes of one to whom the City's ancient ceremonial, her curious parochial government, her noisy, multifarious past were of the living present. His books on London, revised versions of two of which have just appeared and which I propose to notice here, reveal a depth of scholarship which makes them indispensable source books for others. The gibe: "History does not repeat itself, historians repeat each other," is out of place. So deeply did Walter Bell mine the history of London that later historians have little left to them but to admire the treasures he brought to light.

In all her long history, London has never, having regard to her then extent and the size of her population, undergone two such dreadful visitations as the Great Plague and the Great Fire in the successive years 1665 and 1666. Mr. Bell estimates the population of the City, the liberties, suburbs and Westminster at the beginning of 1665 as being under the half-million. He also regards the figure of 100,000 deaths in the Great Plague as being a considerable underestimate. In fact, if one estimates that of those who could not or did not flee the city when the bills of mortality began to mount and it became obvious that a pestilence of more than ordinary proportions had hit London, one in three perished, I do not think the tally would be far out. In the same way, Bell says that virtually the whole of Shakespeare's London disappeared in the flames. That London, much of which was young with King John, must have presented an attractive picture to the traveller by water down its great "main street" of the Thames. With its red roofs, its ancient timbered houses, its hundred-and-one church spires, the whole dominated, in the way which modern London with its tall commercial buildings can never be, by the vast bulk and high spire of Old St. Paul's, it must indeed have presented a pleasing sight to the Lombard or Hansa merchant making his first visit. That is to say, until he landed at one of the wharves. Then the reverse of the medal became apparent. The picturesque old houses became dilapidated crowded tenements, the cobbled streets in dry weather were filled with the appalling stench of the garbage and worse thrown out of the houses into the kennel to be washed away by the next shower, when the streets became ankle deep in noisome mud. There was little light, the overhanging gables, in spite of recurrent Building Acts, almost meeting, so that lovers, as in Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass," "could talk softly to each other from upper windows across the street." Occasionally, the "rakers" would remove the garbage and filth, but only to one of the laystalls under the walls against which Government and Corporation legislated in vain. Little wonder that in the hot early summer of the Plague one observer noted that the flies covered the walls and were as thick as onions on any string or thread. Personal hygiene, too, was almost unknown, so that Pepys's reaction when he saw the first ominous red cross and "Lord Have Mercy Upon Us" on a door in Drury Lane, was to record: "It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to smell and chew, which took away the apprehension." London was used to both plague and fire. The former appears to have been endemic, with occasional appalling epidemic outbreaks of which the previous visitation in 1625 had been known up till the greater catastrophe of 1665 as "the Great Plague." The latter was so common, and usually burnt itself out, that Sir Thomas Bludworth, the

Lord Mayor in the Fire year (who appears, however, in other respects to have been an ass), might have been forgiven for attaching little importance to the fire in Pudding Lane for which he was aroused from his house in Gracechurch Street before three o'clock on that fateful morning.

There were a few signs but little real warning of the Plague. In the winter of 1664-65 there were a few cases at St. Giles-in-the-Fields (afterwards one of the worst-hit parishes), St. Clement Danes, St. Martin-in-the-Fields and Westminster. In that memorably hard winter the victims seem to have had it mildly and recovered, "the air being then so friendly to nature and an enemy unto the Pestilence." But the hard winter was followed by a spring and summer "the dryest that ever man alive knew, or our forefathers mention of late ages," as one divine noted, and in that unnatural continuing drought and heat,

the Plague took hold on the stinking hovels and alleys of the overcrowded city. For contemporaries, with a sure instinct, called it "the poore's Plague." The rich largely escaped contagion, either by flight or because of the less crowded and airier nature of their dwellings or through greater natural immunity from disease than the poor and underfed. As Bell recalls, no statesman, no member of either House, no judge, no alderman (and to a large extent the City aldermen remained at their posts) died of it, nor did any of the six magistrates to whom the King committed the care of the outer parishes. There were, it is true, high casualties among the physicians and surgeons, the clergy and nonconformist ministers, who remained at their posts. That was inevitable. It was their duty to enter the houses where, according to the barbarous custom of the age, sick and hale were "shut up" for forty days so that almost inevitably all died. In spite of having disinfectants burnt on hot coals, in spite of sucking a lozenge (a universal precaution among physicians) or indulging in sack, as the good Dr. Hodges did (a habit which took such a hold on him that he died broken by poverty and intoxication), they could not avoid inoculation through the bite of the flea which lived on the

fell silent, must have combined to create an apocalyptic atmosphere. Some there were who were cured (if the buboes beneath arms, groin or behind the ear burst, or could be lanced, the fever died and the patient had a chance). There were many individual acts of courage, such as Dr. George Thomson's dissection of a plague victim, which modern doctors will find of considerable interest. The Court and the great world left for Oxford (Bell is, I think, and especially in view of the fact that he recognises that the King's safety with a Papist heir was a prime political consideration, a little unfair in blaming Charles II.). Stout Albemarle, however, in the West, aided by the Earl of Craven (who was also to distinguish himself in the Fire), and the Lord Mayor, Sir John Laurence, in the East, struggled manfully with the appalling problems and the ever-dwindling manpower which confronted them. And when it was all over (and not before stricken

Londoners had carried the disease all over the country), London, the ever-resilient, recovered so quickly that, in the early part of 1666, but for the pest-houses, the City churchyards several feet higher than before, and the plague-pits on the outskirts, it seemed almost as if it had never happened, so gay and gallant was the town. Those who flocked back could not know that there was more in store for them. Indeed, at first the fire in the "little pitiful lane" of Pudding Lane which began through the carelessness of the King's baker, seemed no worse than the ordinary fires to which London was accustomed. "The Fire of London began in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner" is a misleading schoolboy tag. The fire swept much farther than Pie

Corner, but it would have remained just another London fire had it not crept down Thames Street. For Thames Street and the adjacent lanes immediately about old London Bridge was monopolised by the wharfingers, and it was the warehouses full of tallow, oil, spirits, hemp, together with timber, hay and coals, which gave the fire the incandescent heart it needed. This, with the strong wind, turned it into that "most horrid, malicious, bloody flame" which Pepys, whose description can never be bettered, noted.

Bell, on this occasion, gives their due to both the King and the Duke of York, whose personal courage and power of command saved what could be saved; while those who believe in the maxim "when in doubt send for the Navy," will be pleased with the fact that it was the skill and ingenuity of the seamen from Deptford and Woolwich who, with their gunpowder and demolition tackle, finally cleared a path wide enough to stop the flames. Not that their efforts were universally appreciated. A young lawyer in the Temple, seeing gunpowder brought into the Temple to blow up Paper Buildings, "came to the Duke and told him that it was against the rules and Charter of the Temple that any should blow that house with gunpowder, upon which Mr. Germaine, the Duke's Master of the Horse, took a good cudgel and beat the young lawyer to the purpose." It is a delightful scene. The little Royal party, sweat-soaked, red-eyed with lack of sleep, singed and begrimed by the fire, and the pettifogging young lawyer standing on his rights—and getting his deserts, the sailors from down the river pausing in their work to grin at the spectacle.

Bell, throughout both books, displays the anti-Caroline prejudice which was universal in his youth and which has been largely dispelled by the work of such scholars as Dr. Arthur Bryant. I do not know, too, whether I would describe Anne Hyde, later Duchess of York, as "romantic." For was it not Anne Hyde Charles II. had in mind when he said that his brother's mistresses were so ugly they had obviously been imposed as a penance on him by his father confessor? These are, however, small criticisms and these two books remain, charmingly written, a delight for the London lover, a "must" for the seventeenth-century historian.

NOTE.—Our readers will be pleased to know that Sir John Squire is making progress after his recent accident. He will resume his weekly Appreciation as soon as he has recovered.



TYPES OF RESTORATION LONDON. HOUSES FORMERLY STANDING IN LONG LANE, SMITHFIELD. THE FLAMES RAPIDLY DEMOLISHED WHOLE STREETS OF INFLAMMABLE TIMBER BUILDINGS LIKE THESE.

Print by J. T. Smith in the Goss Collection.



THREE TINY HOUSES IN CHEAPSIDE. BUILT IN 1687, THESE ARE THE ONLY SURVIVING EXAMPLES OF "THE FIRST AND LEAST SORT BUILDING, OF TWO STOREYS, FOR BY-STREETS AND LANES" AUTHORISED BY THE REBUILDING ACT, 1667. EACH CONSISTS OF TWO ROOMS ONLY. Photograph by Mr. Lionel Gowing. Reproductions, above and left, from "The Great Fire of London"; by courtesy of the publisher, The Bodley Head.



WHEREIN THE JEWISH VICTIMS OF THE GREAT PLAGUE WERE INTERRED: ANCIENT JEWISH BURIAL GROUND IN MILE END ROAD.

Photograph by Mr. H. A. Ruddick, reproduced from "The Great Plague"; by courtesy of the publisher, The Bodley Head.

\* "The Great Plague in London 1665" and "The Great Fire of London 1666." By Walter G. Bell. First published, 1924. Revised edition. With illustrations, Prints, Plans and Drawings. (The Bodley Head; 25s. each volume. Uniform with "Unknown London.")

plague-prone black house-rat and spread the disease. Indeed, Bell maintains that it was not the Great Fire which, as popularly supposed, purged London of the Plague (though by sweeping away the old, insanitary houses it destroyed its most fertile breeding-ground). The ousting, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of the black domestic rat by the larger brown sewer rat slowly eliminated plague from Europe. Londoners must have supped full of horrors. The dead carts, the "searchers of the dead," with their white wands of office; the appalling, rapacious "nurses"; the delirious victims, driven mad by the pain of the rising buboes; the malicious, who, as Pepys records, feeling the sickness upon them, would deliberately breathe in the faces of the still hale, or throw the dressings from their sores into the windows of untouched houses; the bells eternally tolling until the sextons and bellringers dropped and died and they



## A FESTIVAL OF BEAUTY AT THE LARGEST-EVER CHELSEA SHOW.



WITH AN OAKEN GARDEN-HOUSE AS ITS FOCAL POINT, AND WITH A FLOWER-BORDERED STREAM FEEDING A POOL: THE INFORMAL GARDEN BY R. W. WALLACE AND CO.



MR. IAN G. WALKER'S GARDEN, DESIGNED ROUND A WELL-HEAD, WITH LAWNS SLOPING DOWN TO A POOL, PARTLY EDGED BY WATER-LOVING AND ROCK-PLANTS.



WITH A STREAM AND WATERFALLS RUNNING BETWEEN OUTCROPS OF WESTMORLAND STONE IN GRASS: THE GOLD MEDAL ROCK-GARDEN BY WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES.

On the morning of May 22 the King and Queen and Princess Margaret and several other members of the Royal family spent several hours at the Royal Horticultural Society's great spring show in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. In the afternoon the show was seen by the Fellows of the Society, and on May 23 was opened to the general public. This was the largest-ever "Chelsea" and the largest marquee covered  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres—more than the Dome of Discovery itself. Despite the disappointing spring, the exhibitors excelled themselves and



AN EXHIBIT WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL: THE FORMAL GARDEN BY THE WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES, WITH ITS LAWN, TWIN FOUNTAINS AND ORANGERY.



A BRICK- AND GRILLE-ENCLOSED GARDEN, WITH A BRICK, TILED AND TIMBERED GARDEN-HOUSE, ON A TERRACE ABOVE A STREAM: BY RALPH HANCOCK AND SONS.



THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ADMIRING AN EXHIBIT OF ROSES DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW ON THE OPENING DAY.

the exhibits were astonishing in quality and overwhelming in quantity. Some idea of the quality may be gained from the fact that no fewer than thirty Gold Medals were awarded. It is impossible in so brief a note to do any justice to the innumerable exhibits, but mention should be made of the glade presented by the R.H.S. Wisley Gardens, the lovely exhibit of woodland plants from Windsor Great Park, and the exhibit of cacti staged by the Federazione Provinciale Coltivatori Diretti of Genoa—all of which won Gold Medals.





THE ROYAL VISIT TO "THE HOUSE": HIS MAJESTY ADDRESSING THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

On May 23 the King and Queen and Princess Margaret paid one of the rare Royal visits to the London Stock Exchange—on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of the present building. The Royal party had previously taken luncheon with the Council of the Stock Exchange—among whose guests were the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, the Governor of the Bank of England and Lady Hermione

Cobbold, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, chairman of the Bankers' Clearing House—and their Majesties entered the "House" at the close of dealing. They were accompanied by Mr. J. B. Braithwaite, the chairman, and Mr. F. H. Doran and Mr. R. H. Twining, the deputy chairmen; and the party was preceded by two waiters wearing the traditional blue uniforms with red lapels. The floor, which still bore signs of the day's business just ended, was crowded with an unusually



FROM THE GALLERY OF THE WAR MEMORIAL, ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESENT BUILDING.

large number of members, who cheered continuously until the King began to speak from the oak balcony of the War Memorial, which bears the names of those "who went out from this house and died for their King and Country" in both World Wars. In his speech the King referred to his previous visits to the Stock Exchange, to the three hundred years of the history of the Stock Exchange, its function as an essential part of the financial structure of the

City of London and the nation's finances, its deservedly high reputation and its instant response to the calls of national security and public and private charity. After the close of his speech, there was a spontaneous singing of the National Anthem led by a member from the floor of the House, and cheering lasted until the Royal visitors left by the Old Broad Street door, where a large crowd of City workers gave them a rousing send-off.



THE Chinese Communists launched their spring offensive on the night of Sunday, April 22. The first phase lasted about a week and was followed by the pause which has become the rule after every such effort since the Chinese first intervened in Korea. A certain amount of ground was gained and doubtless considerable loss was inflicted upon the forces of the United Nations; but the Chinese losses were many times greater, and at the end there was nothing of serious value to show for the sacrifices involved. From the first it seemed clear that the Chinese would strike again as soon as they could. Their withdrawal after they had been checked was not nearly as deep as on the last occasion, and their rear-guards showed a determined spirit. Heavy traffic movements behind their front were observed, heavy enough to suggest that they had received more transport from their Russian patrons. This time it took them just over a fortnight to reorganise. The second phase of the offensive began on Tuesday, May 16. As

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SPRING OFFENSIVE—SECOND PHASE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

it has been sharply limited as regards both area and conduct. The Chinese have used all methods in their power; if they could have used others there is every reason to suppose that they would. It has been an "accordion war" because the Chinese were unable for military reasons to press any advance for more than a short distance, whereas the United Nations were prevented from doing so by political restraints. The former have been fighting for complete and decisive victory, to drive the white men into the sea and set up a Communist régime throughout Korea; the latter have been fighting for a stalemate, and many ingenious publicists and politicians have been striving to prove to them that this would be an advantageous and safe solution. I can see the dilemma and admit that in this tangled business the most diverse solutions suggested have something to be said for them. I have no patience, however, with the pretence that something has been achieved when it is clearly as far away as ever, or that certain prospects have improved when they are, in fact, unchanged in any respect.

Some hold that the restrictions under which the United Nations have been fighting have been exaggerated by General MacArthur and others, and that they have not affected the campaign to as great an extent as has been alleged. I am prepared

to admit that the influence of strategic bombing may never have been as decisive as its disciples assert, but I consider, nevertheless, that attacks from the air on the Chinese Manchurian bases might have exercised a great effect. They might indeed have rendered it possible to drive the Chinese out of North Korea in rout. The difficulty about this line of argument is that actions such as this might have precipitated a world war. General MacArthur considers that it would not; Mr. Truman and his advisers consider that there was a serious risk that it would; the Kremlin, as usual, keeps its own council, and the opinions put forward on both sides can be no more than speculation. The dangers which overhang the world are so terrible that the more cautious policy has probably been justified. I do not blame the policy, but rather the glib arguments put forward in its support, which may have the object of boosting morale but cannot effect their purpose with the intelligent. The greatest achievements of the United Nations since the intervention of the Chinese in Korea have been in staving off defeat. There is no evidence that they have brought victory in sight.

Writing, as I am, only four days after the Chinese had achieved their considerable success between Chunchon and Inje, I cannot deal with what will probably be the vital stage of the battle. I can but form my estimate of future developments from past evidence, assuming that the enemy is as yet unready to spring a great surprise by the exploitation of new methods and resources. If this should prove to be the case, I do not consider that there need be grave anxiety about the issue of the present phase, though I limit my appreciation to it. I cannot see why the Chinese should now be able to accomplish what they failed to do before, when they had in their favour the advantage that their tactics were new and unsettling to troops not experienced in them. I shall be disappointed and astonished if, by the time these lines are read, the situation has not

once again been brought under control. That would not end the danger, even from the strictly military point of view. The Chinese are vastly superior in numbers, so that substantial increases in tanks, artillery, transport, and, above all, modern aircraft, would render them a deadly foe in the circumstances of the Korean War. Even now there are rumours that training with new weapons and equipment is in progress in Manchuria, where larger forces are stationed than those arrayed against the Eighth Army south of the Yalu and the Tumen.

The purely military danger is not the only one. Wars only too often create differences between friends, and the war in Korea has provided no exception. These differences are partly those of governmental outlook, which is serious enough, and partly due to national misunderstanding, which is even more so. In each country concerned, the United States and the United Kingdom, the Government is weakened by doubt about the extent of its support in the electorate and the strong possibility that it may have to give way to another of different complexion. This makes it even more important than would normally be the case that there should be sympathy between the peoples as a whole. Sympathy has been threatened by the Korean war rather than by any other influence. In both nations there exist strong, vocal and persuasive elements which are doing their utmost to weaken, or even sever, the links uniting them. Whenever they perceive an inconsistency or hear an unfortunate phrase, they set themselves to exploit its possibilities to the utmost. The Americans are represented as selfish, domineering and desirous of imposing a "military occupation" upon Western Europe. The British are described as scared rabbits, unwilling to play their part in upholding the ideals to which they pay lip service, putting all the weight they can upon American shoulders and then railing at American action.

This peril is, I have suggested, largely due to the Korean War. I go on to suggest that it is more serious than the Korean War itself. An international alliance resembles a marriage in that, under strain, it requires for successful survival comprehension of the opposite point of view, tolerance, and, if need be, compromise. These virtues seem unfashionable in the world of to-day, but they have never been more necessary in Britain and the United States. I do not suggest that there is any risk of a break between the two countries in the near future; but even that might occur eventually, and meanwhile their divisions are already threatening to sap their combined strength and influence. What I find particularly tragic is that among the people now undermining Anglo-American friendship and solidarity there are comparatively few fanatics, crooks and lunatics, and that the majority are sincere in the belief that their work is beneficial.



TWO DAYS BEFORE THE SECOND PHASE OF THE COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE IN KOREA: A DIRECT HIT WITH A NAPALM BOMB ON THE CENTRE OF A LONG STRING OF GOODS TRUCKS NEAR CHUNGHWA, ON A MAIN RAIL LINE LEADING SOUTH FROM PYONGYANG.

before, the main weight was massed in the centre and east-centre, and the names Chunchon and Inje were the most prominent in the earlier reports of the fighting.

The handling of the offensive seems to have been different from any so far observed. In the past the Chinese evidently attempted to get a very high proportion of their strength—as high a proportion as they could handle—into action at the earliest possible stage. Once again we are inclined to trace Japanese influence in their tactics. One of the main characteristics of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 was the way in which the Japanese Army commanders, Kuroki, Oku and Nogi, threw in virtually all their reserves at a very early stage in their battles and actions. There is something to be said in favour of the practice, but as carried out by the Chinese it dissipated the force, let it get out of control before this was necessary, and made the difficulties of supply, already great owing to lack of transport and administrative troops, almost insuperable. This time smaller forces were engaged during the first three days and with greater circumspection. Tighter control and economy gave the result that when the first big breach had been torn in the front of the Eighth Army on May 18 reserves were at hand, in formed bodies and unwearied, to exploit it to great effect. Even then the Chinese command seems to have thrown in a matter of thousands only, with many times more troops standing ready in rear to march to Pusan if the way were opened.

Whether these reserves are better armed than was the case during the winter offensives remains to be seen. A little armour was on view on this occasion, but not enough to affect the tactics seriously. It is doubtful whether the indifferent communications of Manchuria would have permitted a wholesale rearmament in the time available. The jet aircraft which had fought several big-scale battles did not appear at all during the first few days. There was no notable increase in artillery. The change was simply in infantry tactics and made within the scope of the resources previously available. Yet the blow was damaging and dangerous. A wide and deep rent appeared in the United Nations front and led to a withdrawal of some twenty miles from the place where it occurred to the east coast. This was by no means an unpromising achievement after three days' fighting. It was apparent from the tone of the official American spokesmen that the matter was being taken very seriously indeed, but that is not to say that there was anxiety about the fate of the campaign as a whole. This war has had violent ups and downs and led to alternate hopes and fears, both more intense than has been justified. In this case it did not appear to me that the events of May 18, serious as they were, could be regarded as disastrous; but all depended upon the development.

These events brought back to my mind the phrase "accordion war," coined by General MacArthur, which represents only too well the state of affairs, and, what is worse, the best that the United Nations have been able to look forward to. For the Chinese it has been an unlimited war, whereas for the United Nations



AN INFERNO OF SMOKE AND FLAME: A COMMUNIST SUPPLY DUMP NEAR CHORWON BEING ATTACKED BY B-26 BOMBERS WITH NAPALM BOMBS WHICH TURNED THE AREA INTO A SEA OF FIRE A FEW SECONDS AFTER THE INITIAL IMPACT OF THE BOMBS.

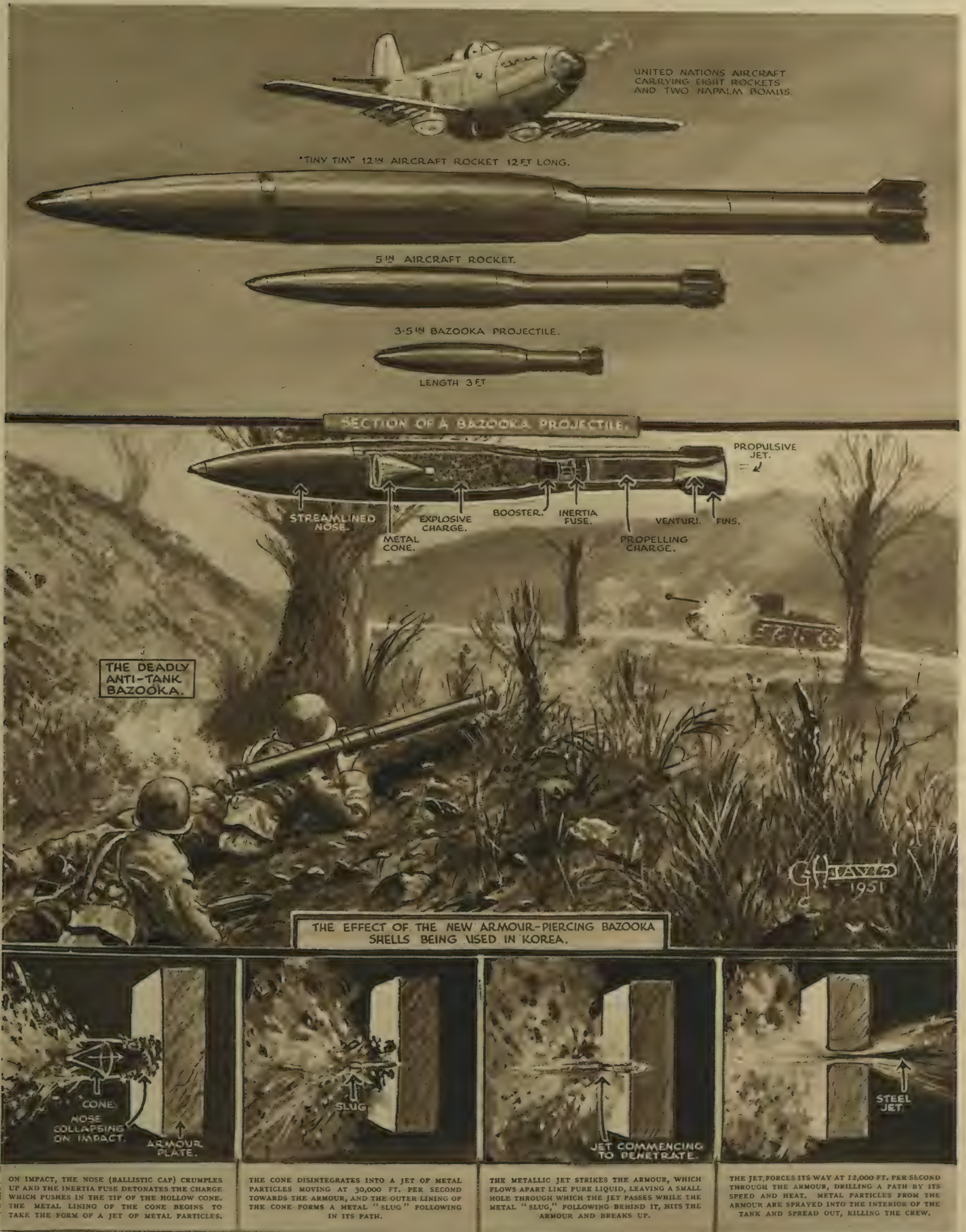
These are the more dangerous, because the dishonesty and the delusions of the others are likely to become apparent to most of those who watch them.

What we need to-day is not so much expositions of, and apologies for, British or American policy—these we meet day by day in our newspapers, and intolerably dull most of them are—as support for the principle of Anglo-American fraternity and concord. In that there lies not only the best prospect of safety but the soundest hope for the future of the world. It would be supreme folly if the peoples of the two democracies were to throw away the benefits which they have to gain, and in some respects have begun to gain already, from the combination of friendship and a common policy. If those who are now so largely occupied in defending themselves and scoring debating points would devote themselves to the inspiring task of advocating warm and good-humoured relations between the two countries, based upon a charitable and considerate interpretation of motives, they would be performing more valuable services than they are now.



# NOW USED IN KOREA: AIRCRAFT ROCKETS AND THE BAZOOKA PROJECTILE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



The armour-piercing projectile employing the metallic jet charge was first used in World War II., when it was known as the shaped-charge, for security reasons. During the last war also, rocket propulsion added a new weapon to an aircraft's armament. To-day these vastly improved devices are being used extensively by the United Nations forces in Korea. The rocket has proved itself a very powerful anti-tank weapon, and has increased in size, so that we now have projectiles such as the U.S. "Tiny Tim," some 12 ins. in diameter and 12 ft. long. The projectile used in the bazooka is also rocket-propelled (the bazooka itself being merely a long tube open at both ends and easily carried by one man), which has the advantage of making the weapon recoilless. The projectile is

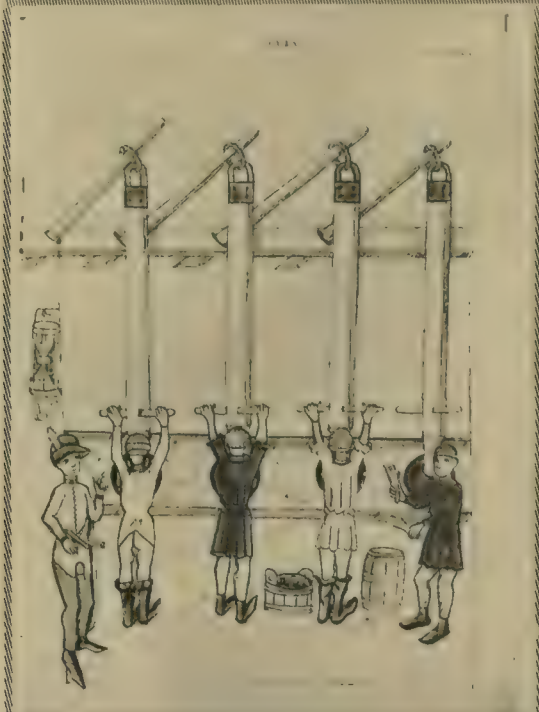
carried to the target by the propellant, and when it strikes the tank the streamlined nose (ballistic cap) crumples and at the same time the inertia fuse detonates the main charge. This detonation drives in the internal cone shown in our illustration, and this being held at a distance from the armour by the crumpled nose permits the metal lining of the cone to form a jet. This metallic jet, moving at some 30,000 ft. per second, strikes the armour of the tank which, instead of splintering, flows apart like pure liquid, leaving a glowing, white-hot hole through which the jet drives at a speed of 12,000 ft. per second. Steel fragments are sprayed into the interior of the tank from the hole and ricochet in all directions, exploding fuel and ammunition and killing the crew.



THE DEFENCE PROGRAMME FOUR CENTURIES AGO:  
ARMS AND ARMOUR ON VIEW AT THE TOWER.



RECALLING THE BOMBING RAIDS OF MODERN WARFARE: CROSSBOWMEN SHOOTING INCENDIARY ARROWS, WHICH THE TOWN DEFENDERS ARE THROWING OFF THE ROOFS IN CIVIL-DEFENCE STYLE. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MS.



A MEDIEVAL MUNITION FACTORY, WITH OPERATIVE WORKING MACHINES FOR GRINDING POWDER; THE FOREMAN (LEFT) AND AN HOUR-GLASS FOR TIMEKEEPING. FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MS.

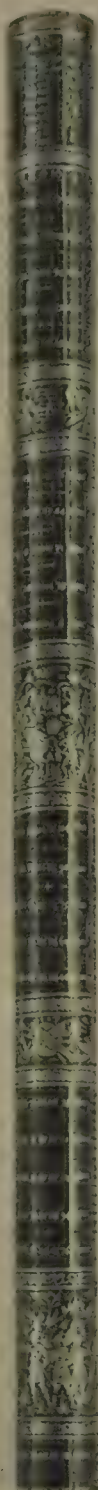


HOLDING A BÂTON OF COMMAND, APPARENTLY THAT RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TOWER ARMOURIES: VINCENZO GONZAGA I., DUKE OF MANTUA, COMMANDER OF THE IMPERIAL FORCES AGAINST THE TURKS, 1590.



A REPRESENTATION OF A WHITE GREENWICH ARMOUR WITH ACCESSORIES — JEWELLED PLUMES, PICCADILLS AND SWORD-HANGER: ROBERT RADCLIFFE, EARL OF SUSSEX, 1590.

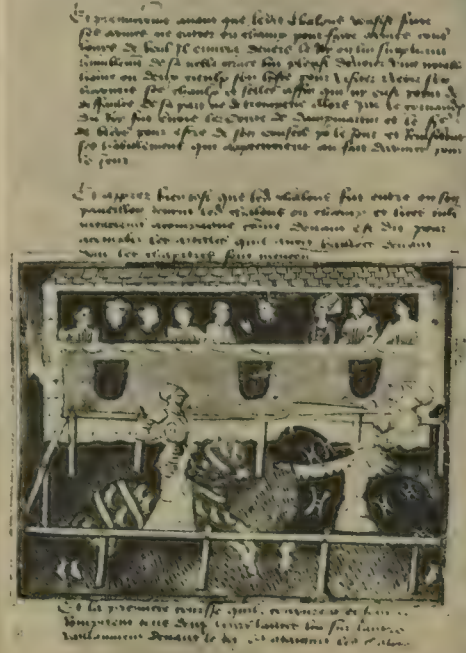
AN exhibition of English Armour worn by Henry VIII. and by famous Elizabethans is being held in the new Armoury at the Tower of London and was opened on May 22 by the Duke of Gloucester. The exhibits include twenty-six suits as well as helmets and pieces of armour, graciously lent by the King, and by foreign collectors and museums, virtually all that exists to-day of the armour made in the Royal workshops at Greenwich established by Henry VIII. in 1511. These workshops, which existed until the Civil War, formed the principal English school of armoury, but until twenty-five years ago nothing was known about them and the armour now identified as "Greenwich-made" was previously attributed to foreign craftsmen. The painting of Robert Radcliffe, fifth Earl of Sussex, known as the "White Knight," formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Henry Harris, has been presented to the Tower Armouries by the National Art-Collections Fund. It is not only an excellent representation of a white Greenwich armour, but the accessories—jewelled plumes, piccadills and sword-hanger, which have as a rule disappeared from surviving armour, are shown. The mss. on view include a mid-fifteenth-century treatise on the making of gunpowder and military engines, presented by the National Art-Collections Fund. The full-page drawings include those we reproduce. Another exhibit is a collection of mss. of Chivalry presented by Mr. Philip Frere. It includes a contemporary account and illustrations of the Smithfield tournament of 1467 between the Bastard of Burgundy and Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales and later second Earl Rivers. The Tower Armouries' recent acquisitions include a bâton of command from the collection of the late Dr. E. T. Jensen. It is an iron tube russeted and inlaid with gold and silver with an elaborate table for calculating the marshalling of troops; in fact, a ready-reckoner for a General in the field. At one end it is inlaid with gold with the arms of the Gonzaga, Dukes of Milan, and there seems little doubt that it belonged to Vincenzo Gonzaga I., Duke of Mantua, and is that shown in the portrait of him in the Waffensammlung, Vienna.



ACQUIRED BY THE TOWER ARMOURIES FROM THE TRUSTEES OF THE LATE DR. E. T. JENSEN: A GENERAL'S BÂTON.



INLAID WITH THE ARMS OF THE GONZAGA: THE END OF THE GENERAL'S BÂTON OF COMMAND FROM DR. E. T. JENSEN'S COLLECTION.



HELD AT SMITHFIELD, 1467, BEFORE EDWARD IV. AND THE LORD MAYOR: THE TOURNAMENT BETWEEN THE BASTARD OF BURGUNDY AND ANTHONY WOODVILLE REPRESENTED IN A CONTEMPORARY MS.







THE EARLIEST SURVIVING PRODUCT OF THE ROYAL WORKSHOPS AT GREENWICH: FOOT-COMBAT ARMOUR OF HENRY VIII., c. 1514.  
(Height, 6 ft.; waist, 34 in.; weight, 94 lb.) (Tower Armouries.)



MADE FOR THE KING DURING THE LATER YEARS OF HIS REIGN: ARMOUR FOR HENRY VIII., c. 1535-40.  
(Waist, 54 in.; weight, 81 lb.) (Tower Armouries.)



ARMOUR OF HENRY VIII., c. 1535-40. IT DIFFERS FROM THE ARMOUR (LEFT) IN THAT THERE IS A LINE OF PELLETS ACCOMPANYING THE INNER SIDE OF THE ETCHED BORDERS. (Lent by H.M. the King.)

FOUND IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE IN 1906: A TILTING VISOR OF HENRY VIII. DETAIL OF THE ARMOUR SHOWN ABOVE (CENTRE).  
(Tower Armouries.)



OF LARGE SIZE FOR FIGHTING ON FOOT: A GREAT BASCINET OF HENRY VIII., c. 1520, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN MADE TO ONE OF HIS DESIGNS. (Tower Armouries.)



A HELMET OF HENRY VIII.: DETAIL OF THE FOOT-COMBAT ARMOUR SHOWN ABOVE (TOP LEFT), c. 1514, WHICH CAN BE SEEN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.  
(Tower Armouries.)



ARMOUR FOR FIELD AND TILT OF SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, K.G. DATED 1585. HE WAS LORD CHANCELLOR FROM 1587-91, AND CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY 1588. (Lent by H.M. the King.)



DISTINGUISHED BY THE VERY PERSONAL NATURE OF ITS DECORATION: ARMOUR FOR FIELD AND TILT OF ROBERT DUDLEY, K.G., EARL OF LEICESTER. c. 1575.  
(Tower Armouries.)



BOY'S ARMOUR FOR FIELD AND TILT OF HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., c. 1610. MADE AT GREENWICH UNDER WILLIAM PICKERING. THE PRINCE DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. (Lent by H.M. the King, from Windsor Castle.)

#### ARMOUR MADE IN THE ROYAL WORKSHOPS AT GREENWICH: AN EXHIBITION AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

On May 22 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester opened a unique exhibition in the new Armoury at the Tower of London. This exhibition, of armour made in the Royal Workshops at Greenwich, is the first attempt ever made to bring together at one time and in one place all the work of a single school of armourers. The objects, which are of great beauty and interest, display for the first time an aspect of English art and craftsmanship which is quite unfamiliar to the

ordinary person. The products of the Royal Workshops at Greenwich, founded by Henry VIII. in 1511 and closed about 1637, were long forgotten and unrecognised, and it is only in recent years that this school of armourers has been rediscovered. The armour on view belonged to famous men, not only to Henry VIII. himself, who is represented by three armours, but to famous Elizabethans as well. The exhibition will remain open until September 29.





HOLDING THEIR OFFICIAL FIFTH-CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS THIS MONTH: THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW, AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE EAST QUADRANGLE.

The ancient University of Glasgow, which was founded by a Bull of Pope Nicholas V. in 1451, is this year celebrating its fifth centenary. The official University celebrations are being held this month and will culminate on June 21 in a visit by their Majesties the King and Queen. On this and

following pages we give our Artist's Impressions of some of the University buildings. The main building, imposingly sited on Gilmorehill, does not suggest an ancient foundation. Few genuine traces of the Old College remain to-day, and the present building, designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, was begun

in 1867. In writing of the style Scott said: "It is simply a thirteenth- or fourteenth-century secular style with the addition of certain Scottish features, peculiar in that country to the sixteenth century, though in reality derived from the French style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries." The

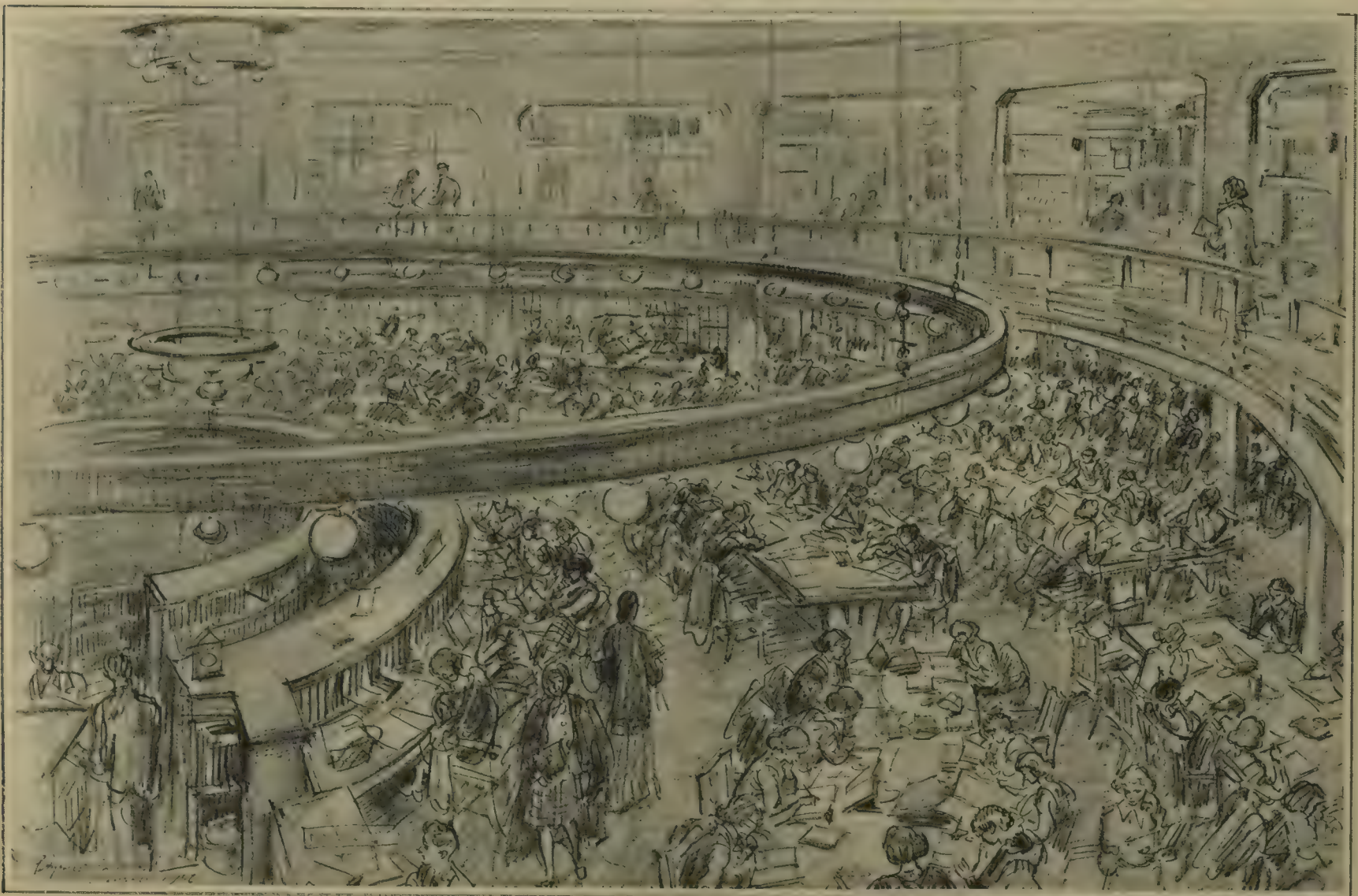
drawing of the East Quadrangle (above) shows the tower, surmounted by a spire which was completed in 1888; the Bute Hall, in which the principal University functions are held, completed in 1884; the cloisters (beneath the Bute Hall) and (right) part of the Hunterian Museum.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





A RELIC OF THE OLD UNIVERSITY : THE GATEWAY FROM THE OLD COLLEGE RETAINED IN PEARCE LODGE, UNIVERSITY AVENUE.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ADDITION TO THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS : THE READING ROOM, OPENED IN 1939 ; A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

#### INCORPORATING BUILDINGS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY : THE FIVE-CENTURIES-OLD UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

One of the few remaining portions of the Old-College of Glasgow University has been retained in Pearce Lodge, which stands at the north-eastern entrance to the University grounds. In 1887, when the last of the old buildings, the High Street frontage, was being removed, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Pearce secured the old gateway and cornice, and they were then embodied in Pearce Lodge. For some years now this building has

been the home of the Students' Representative Council. One of the most modern additions to the University buildings is the Reading Room, which was opened in 1939. It provides seating accommodation for 435 readers on the ground floor and 130 in the gallery. In 1950 the architects who designed it were awarded the Scottish Area Bronze Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects for the best building erected in Scotland from 1936-49.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





#### AN IMPRESSIVE OCCASION: GRADUATION CEREMONY IN THE BUTE HALL OF THE 500-YEAR-OLD UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Since 1870, when Glasgow University, which is now celebrating the 500th anniversary of its foundation, left its old home in the High Street for the new on Gilmorehill, its story has been one of constant development. There has been a large increase in the number of professorships, and an even more spectacular increase in the number of lecturers and assistants who take part in the teaching of University students. In 1870-71 there was one lecturer and nine assistants—to-day the lecturers total 368 and the assistants 150. The number of students, too, has risen. In 1870-71 there were 1279; since World War II.

the number has reached to nearly 7000. During the eighty years of its existence Sir George Gilbert Scott's new University has been surrounded by many new buildings. The Hunterian Museum, occupying the centre and east wing of the north block in the main University building, contains the bequests of William Hunter, the University Roman and other archaeological collections, and valuable accessions bequeathed or acquired during the past century. Besides being used for University teaching the Hunterian Museum is open regularly to the public.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## MORE GARDENERS' BOOKS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

SINCE recommending Robinson's "English Flower Garden" as the amateur gardener's Bible, I have noticed the four great

volumes of Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening" glaring at me from their shelf. Nicholson is, of course, a magnificent and invaluable work, a Bible indeed, and a Bible which caters for every sort of horticultural religion, so to speak—orchids, fruit, greenhouses, plant diseases, etc.—most of the plants that are worth cultivating and thousands that are not. But the book has long been out of print and, like all encyclopædias, was out of date a week after it was written. Not that that matters. It is still invaluable, and you will be lucky if you can pick up a second-hand copy for four or five guineas. But not every amateur wants quite such a comprehensive work.

A revised and "authorised version" of "Nicholson," to be known as the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening," is in course of preparation, and is due to appear later this year. Prepared and published under the auspices of the R.H.S., it will cost in the neighbourhood of ten guineas. A terrifying thought, for I, for one, *must* have it.

Robinson published a number of books in addition to his "English Flower Garden." His "Gleanings from French Gardens" and "Parks and Gardens of Paris" are pleasantly full of meaty ideas and worth the few shillings that second-hand copies cost. His "Virgin's Bower" is not as thrilling as its title suggests. It is all about the Clematis family. I had it once, lent it, and have it no more. "Flora and Sylva" came out in monthly parts, richly printed and richly illustrated on rich paper, and full of excellent articles. The three great bound volumes sit towering on my shelves, and seldom do anything else. They are too big and heavy for comfortable use. Producing sumptuous limited editions of works of minor importance seems to have been a mild, if costly, form of vanity with Robinson. He once gave me one such

in vellum, it would not have been stolen—as it was—from my shelves.

Another of Robinson's super-sumptuous volumes is "Gravetye Manor." I was given a copy recently. It is a sort of journal of his development of Gravetye, the estate, garden and woodlands, between the years 1885 and 1908. The first entry, dealing with the making of a tennis lawn, "commences" inauspiciously with the sentence: "Commenced on August 24th to form this above the house." As a record, the book is interesting, and as the years pass, the interest will increase. The paper and the type are superlative, and the woodcut illustrations enchanting. If it were not too big and tall to stand erect in any normal bookshelf, and too heavy to hold in the hand, I would read "Gravetye Manor." Being what it is, I got very little beyond that initial "commenced."

Most amateur gardeners will want a more general guide than "The English Flower Garden." They will want to know about fruit and vegetables, trees, lawns and, maybe, the greenhouse. Nicholson and the forthcoming R.H.S. dictionary would prove unnecessarily comprehensive and perhaps too costly. In place of these I recommend Saunders' little one-volume encyclopædia. Having Nicholson, I have never bought Saunders, but I have never heard anything but good of it. There is, too, a most excellent book, published about a year ago, "Modern Gardening," by Dakers. It covers a very wide field of subjects, with more detail (if less actual items) than Saunders.

The three volumes, "My Garden in Spring," "My Garden in Summer," and "My Garden in Autumn and Winter," by E. A. Bowles, ought to be in every gardener's library. That, unfortunately, cannot be. They have long been out of print, and anyway there would not be enough copies to go round. This is a very great pity, for I know few books that are so packed with good plants and entertaining plants, so stiff with garden wisdom and accurate, helpful information, or so well flavoured with erudition in palatable form. Buy all three volumes—if you can find them—but I warn you, they are not easy to come by, and by sheer worth are in demand, and so at a premium. They are not the sort of books that are published at a guinea, only to be shortly "remaindered" at seven-and-sixpence. They are, rather, the sort of books that gardeners keep jealously on their shelves, or at their bedsides and—if they are wise—*never lend*. Why they have not been republished in a dozen editions is one of the mysteries of the horticultural, if not of the publishing, world.

Another book, rather akin to these three volumes of Mr. Bowles's, is "In a Gloucestershire Garden," by Canon Ellacombe. For some odd reason this fascinating book, long out of print, is usually quite easy to obtain at a surprisingly low price. Canon

Ellacombe was a scholar and a great gardener. His book does not tell how to grow prize parsnips or show chrysanthemums. It discusses and describes a great many interesting and beautiful plants—things which he grew in his rectory garden, and most of them were hardy outdoor



ONE OF THE GREAT MEN OF MODERN GARDENING AND THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL BOOKS WHICH, WRITES MR. ELLIOTT, "OUGHT TO BE IN EVERY GARDENER'S LIBRARY": MR. E. A. BOWLES, V.M.H., F.L.S., F.R.E.S.

Concerning Mr. Bowles's three famous books, now, alas, out of print—"My Garden in Spring," "My Garden in Summer" and "My Garden in Autumn and Winter"—Mr. Elliott says: "I know few books that are so packed with good plants and entertaining plants, so stiff with garden wisdom and accurate, helpful information, or so well flavoured with erudition in palatable form." To many gardeners his name is especially associated with the *Crocus chrysanthus* which bears his name—and it is good to learn that a new edition of his authoritative "Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum for Gardeners" is already in the press and will shortly be published by John Lane.

Portrait photograph by Wykeham Studios, Ltd.

species. Many garden writers have adopted, or attempted, the chatty, discursive manner of Bowles and Ellacombe, but few have succeeded. Too often such books are either grossly inaccurate or infuriatingly friendly. Recommending books is a dangerous pursuit. Too much like a wife buying ties for her husband. There are, of course, men who will wear any tie, and gardeners who will stomach any book on gardening. But Bowles and Ellacombe I recommend without hesitation as pleasant reading and a pleasant introduction to a very wide range of worthwhile plants.

For the rest, I suggest that buying garden books is like buying plants for your garden. Some books you will keep for pleasant and provocative reading, and others you must keep for serious reference and instruction. But, like the garden, your library shelves will need weeding. The important thing is to buy garden books as freely as you can afford, and then decide which books are for keeps, and which for weeding. Many books are worth reading, but perhaps not worth keeping, and weeding can help further buying. I shall return to the subject of gardeners' books at a later date. Meanwhile, if you are a true beginner, do not fail to take in and study one or other of the weekly gardening papers. There are several to choose from. My own choice would be *Amateur Gardening*—and, of course, *The Illustrated London News*!



THE CROCUS WHICH BEARS MR. BOWLES'S NAME: *CROCUS CHRYSANTHUS*, VAR. "E. A. BOWLES." FROM A DRAWING BY MR. BOWLES WHICH IS ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS FORTHCOMING NEW EDITION OF "A HANDBOOK OF CROCUS AND COLCHICUM FOR GARDENERS." Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, John Lane, Ltd.

volume, "The Story of My Wood Fires." It told how he altered and adapted the fireplaces at his home, Gravetye Manor, so that they should burn logs efficiently. It was an interesting, practical and useful little treatise, and if only he had printed it as a small, simple pamphlet, instead of on hand-made paper and bound

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## FLOWERS AND "FOLLIES": HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FESTIVAL PLEASURE GARDENS.



PREPARING THE GREAT DISPLAY OF STOCKS AND LAVENDER IN THE MAIN FLOWER GARDEN, WITH THE STORK-CROWNED TOWER OF THE AVIARY GARDEN RISING IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE FOUNTAIN TOWER, WHICH DOMINATES THE FUN-FAIR PIAZZA: AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF MULTI-COLOURED BALLS, ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT, TAKES THE PLACE OF WATER.



SOME OF THE "THEATRE BOX" ALCOVES OF THE FESTIVAL GARDENS' LARGEST RESTAURANT, THE CRESCENT RESTAURANT, WHICH LOOKS OUT UPON THE FOUNTAIN LAKE.

Although the Fun Fair in the Battersea Festival Gardens opened on May 11, the opening of the Pleasure Gardens (which constitute much the larger part of the enclosure in Battersea Park) was delayed—partly by labour troubles but mainly by the bad spring—until May 28. Our four photographs, taken before the absolute completion of the Gardens, give some idea of the liveliness and invention which



THE WELCOMING CENTAUR AND FISH WHICH CROWN ONE OF THE GAY BUILDINGS RINGING THE FUN-FAIR PIAZZA. THIS ONE HOUSES A "NURSERYLAND" CRËCHE.

the chief designer, Mr. James Gardner, and his colleagues have given to the task. The landscape architects are Mr. Russell Page and Mr. John Lacey; Mr. John Piper and Mr. Osbert Lancaster have been responsible for the Grand Vista; and the garden contractors are Messrs. Wm. Wood and Sons. The Gardens contain three theatres and numerous restaurants and beer-gardens.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### BEEES AND CRAB-SPIDERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

BEEES, and other insects, visit flowers. Crab-spiders lie in wait for them. Thereby hangs a tale, an inconclusive one, but provocative.

Crab-spiders are so called because they can walk sideways or backwards and, having a somewhat angular outline to the abdomen, they do recall the crustacea after which they are named. They are also called flower-living spiders, for they are sedentary in habit, squatting immobile in a flower or on moss and waiting for their victims to come to them. They spin no web worthy of the name, a few strands of silk at most, but wait to seize in their long legs any insect alighting on the flower, plunging their fangs into its body and sucking its life away. They are assisted in this gruesome habit by an ability to change the colour of the body, over a period of twenty-four hours or more, from white to yellow, in the case of *Misumena vatia*, or through wider limits of colour in the case of other species.

There seems here, on the face of it, a clear case of a colour-range having either an aggressive or a protective value, or both. In other words, by being able to change its colour, within limits, according to its background, or alternatively choosing a background against which it can be inconspicuous, a crab-spider obtains a measure of protection from its enemies and, more important perhaps, concealment from its prey. Curiously enough, the French scientist, M. L. Berland, refused to believe that the colour change had any aggressive or protective value. On the other hand, Dr. W. S. Bristowe thought differently, and put his opinions to the test, the results of which are set forth in his book "The Comity of Spiders," published by the Ray Society in 1941.

Bristowe collected 16 Dandelion heads and arranged them on a grass lawn in rows of four, each flower one foot from its neighbour, and the whole forming one large square. In the centre of alternate flowers [he] carefully inserted a small black pebble of about the same size as *Misumena's* body and in the centre of the remaining eight flowers a yellow pebble of the same size carefully selected to match the Dandelion's colour." That is, he had eight flowers bearing a resemblance to a dandelion head with a crab-spider of the same colour on it, and eight having a representation of what the spider would look like if it could not change its colour to match the flower. In half an hour, the sixteen dandelion heads were visited by sixty-three insects (honey-bees, hover-flies and others). Visits were made by fifty-six of them to those dandelion heads bearing pebbles coloured like the flower itself, and only seven of them visited those flowers having a dark pebble at the centre. Bristowe comments: "That chance did not account for this result was clearly shown by the behaviour of the Honey Bees and Syrphid Flies, which repeatedly drew back from a flower containing a black pebble, whilst they settled without hesitation on any of those containing a yellow pebble." Reading Bristowe's account carries full conviction that an insect about to alight on a flower will draw back if the crab-spider does not harmonise with its background; if, say, it has just moved from one flower to another of different colour and the requisite time for the colour change has not elapsed. An event that took

place last summer made me wonder, however, if Bristowe's explanation represents, indeed, the whole truth.

It was one of the few hot days of that year. I had drifted upstream in a punt before dawn, in the hope of seeing a pair of otters known to be in the

neighbourhood. Soon after sun-up I had paddled gently downstream, watching the many water-voles doing their toilet and preparing for the coming dawn. The whole of the rest of that hot morning I had spent tracing mole-runs in an adjacent field, and digging out mole-runs seems to impel the feverish activity characteristic of the animal that makes them. By mid-afternoon, the cool of a shaded seat in the garden was irresistible. If the truth could be told, I was doubtless in that delightful state of semi-somnolence which a hot afternoon and the incessant drone of bees can induce. Opposite me, and a few feet away, a magnificent bed of dwarf dahlias was alive with honey-bees, a few bumble-bees and hover-flies, and some cabbage white butterflies and red admirals. As I watched these drowsily, something caught my notice and impelled further investigation. A bee alighted on a flower and busied itself collecting. Another bee approached the flowerbed and drew back from the flower containing the first bee. Bristowe's words came back to me forcefully.

After watching for a while, I took a large sheet of paper and ruled it into columns, so that a quick count could be made. Over a thousand visits were watched, with the following results. In 1003 cases the insect went straight to a flower that had no other occupant. In forty-five cases a bee approached a flower already occupied and drew back. In six cases, one bee landed as another took off. In other words, whether the flower is occupied by a dark pebble or a bee, the reaction is much the same. It is, therefore, anyone's guess whether the avoidance of a flower which is occupied is due to fear of a possible predator or a natural economy of effort. We can hardly blame bees or hover-flies if they choose not to jostle each other to get at nectar or pollen, and it is my guess, from what I saw on that hot summer afternoon, that economy of effort is the main cause of this trick of behaviour, though it may also serve, secondarily, as a protection against a spider enemy.

There is another, an *a priori* argument. I searched the dahlias for a lurking predatory spider.

There was none. I have often looked for flower-living spiders. They are not so common as all that. In total there may be many such spiders in the British Isles, but their total must be far lower than that of bees, hover-flies, and other such insects over that same area. The mortality among bees, therefore, from this one cause must be a very low percentage of our total bee population, and hardly to be taken into account in the economy of the species. On the other hand, wasteful methods of collecting food would spell appreciable disaster.

Experimental work is a wonderfully useful method to employ, but it is complementary to straightforward observation in the wild, and there is less fear of arriving at wrong conclusions if both are used, as complementaries.

It was interesting to see that bees sometimes alighted on a red flower bearing a red admiral, or on a yellow flower bearing a cabbage white. Seldom, however, did one alight on a red flower bearing a white butterfly or a yellow flower bearing a red admiral.



*MISUMENA VATIA*, ONE OF THE COMMONER BRITISH CRAB-SPIDERS, WITH ITS VICTIM, A HONEY-BEE. "THE FLOWER-LIVING CRAB-SPIDERS HABITUALLY LIE IN WAIT FOR INSECTS VISITING FLOWERS. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE HONEY-BEE HAS BEEN KILLED AND ENSNARED IN A FEW STRANDS OF SILK, FOR EATING LATER.



IN CHARACTERISTIC RESTING POSE ON THE UNDERSIDE OF A POPPY FLOWER: ONE OF OUR COMMON CRAB-SPIDERS, WHOSE FIRST TWO PAIRS OF LEGS ARE LONGER AND STOUTER THAN THE REMAINING TWO PAIRS AND ARE TYPICALLY HELD STIFFLY AND Laterally EXTENDED.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.



## THE PERSIAN OIL CRISIS, AND WHAT THE "ANGLO-IRANIAN" HAS DONE FOR ABADAN.



ONE ASPECT OF ABADAN: TUMBLEDOWN HOVELS PUT UP BY PERSIAN WORKERS ON LAND ADJOINING THAT OWNED AND DEVELOPED BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY.



A MAGNIFICENT SCHOOL BUILDING, ERECTED IN ABADAN BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY AND ADMINISTERED BY THE PERSIAN EDUCATIONAL AUTHORITIES.



THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY HAS PROVIDED WORK FOR AN ENORMOUS NUMBER OF PERSIANS; AND IN ABADAN HAS PROVIDED ACCOMMODATION LIKE THIS FOR THEM.

By May 25 the Persian oil crisis had moved a stage forward in two sectors. Sir Francis Shepherd, the British Ambassador, had presented the British Government's offer to negotiate with the Persian Government on the future operation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and he is believed to have informed the Persians orally that Britain was ready to accept the Persian desire for nationalisation as a basis of the negotiations. The news that America would not fill the gap caused by the enforced departure of British experts is known to have caused a shock to



ANOTHER ASPECT OF ABADAN: THE TRIM, SOUND AND HYGIENIC BUILDINGS OF A STAFF HOUSING ESTATE DEVELOPED BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY.



THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY HAS DONE MUCH TO FOSTER TECHNICAL EDUCATION, AND HAS BUILT IN ABADAN THIS LARGE MODERN TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.



THE MODERN HOSPITAL AT ABADAN, BUILT AND MAINTAINED BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY FOR THE GREAT TOWNSHIP WHICH HAS ARISEN AROUND THE REFINERY.

many Persians. But on May 24 the Persian Government gave six days notice to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to help in its own liquidation or to be wound up compulsorily. The chairman of the Persian Oil Nationalisation Board, Allahyar Saleh, is reported to have said that he saw no reason for discharging any employees of the Company. "The Persian Government will do all it can to produce the maximum quantity and market it. For this experts of the former company will be invited and even encouraged to render full co-operation."





MANY years ago I remember, among some odds and ends of pottery, a figure of an unpleasant little old man leaning on a crutch. I took an instant dislike to him, partly because he was leering at me in a manner I considered impertinent, and partly because he was a poor example of nineteenth-century workmanship. Altogether, he was a nasty piece of arty-craftiness, and it was a pleasure to cast him forth into outer darkness. Rubbish though he was—such rubbish that I have to apologise for even mentioning him on this lily-white page—I might perhaps have taken more interest in him had I realised at the time that he represented an important personage. Here he is (Fig. 1a), in a form worthy to set before you, a nice piece of Ming Dynasty pottery, about 15 ins. in height, accompanied by his six brethren and one sister, all eight saintly—but not too saintly—characters of Taoist legend; in brief, the Eight Immortals, in status equal, in the popular magical versions of this complicated, wonder-working and not over-edifying religion, to the Christian Twelve Apostles.

First, let us look at these figures as figures (Figs. 1 and 2). The bases on which they stand imitate rocks and are partly coloured turquoise. The robes are turquoise and deep blue, feet and under-ropes are unglazed, hair and head-dresses are sepia; and the features and hands gilt. It sounds an odd combination—in fact, the colours are at once brilliant and soft, as in all Ming pottery of this character. You will be fortunate indeed if you come across a whole set of this period and quality, or, indeed, a whole set from any reign. (This particular set, once in the Benson Collection, turned up at Christie's last December.) But individual figures, Ming or later, are sometimes to be found in odd corners, and it is more than likely many people possess one or two without knowing what they are. It is difficult to roam about, as it were, among Chinese pottery or paintings without coming across traces of Taoist legend; and what follows is an attempt to set down as briefly as possible the stories and the attributes of this group of sages so that identification will be easy.

The Western tongue trips haltingly over Chinese names, but I'm afraid there's no help for it—one has just got to memorise them. The cheerful old man with the crutch is the Immortal Beggar, Li Tieh Kuai (Fig. 1a), and of his apotheosis there are two versions. One is that when he was a fine young man he remained so long in a trance that everyone thought he was dead. His friends burnt his body, and just at that moment his spirit returned, found no body to enter, and therefore occupied the mortal remains of a poor fellow who had at that moment died of starvation. The second has the same ending, but in this his body was not consigned to the flames but was eaten by a tiger. Of all the eight I think it is the legend of Ho Hsien-Ku alone which touches the heart (Fig. 1b). She is the only woman among these formidable

characters and, like our own Cinderella, she was treated very badly by a wicked stepmother and turned into a household drudge. She bore all this with patience and fortitude, and made matters worse by vowing never to marry, which annoyed her stepmother more than ever. One day the Patriarch Lü called at the house and found her alone in the kitchen. He was so impressed by her gentleness, modesty and good sense that he invited her to follow him to the Western Paradise. Now comes what to me is a very pretty touch: she went, but carrying the ladle she

companions. There is another version which is not quite so dramatic, but is worth a line or two. In this, she was walking sadly in the country and feeling very lonely. She met the Patriarch Lü, who gave her a peach. "Eat it," said he. "Eat it all." She ate the peach—which was, of course, a magical peach—and fell into a trance for a whole month. When she woke up she was astonished to find she had been absent from this sad world for so long. In due course she was released from the trammels of the flesh altogether.

Now for a far less edifying personage, Chang Kuo Lao (Fig. 1c), who always carries a bamboo drum and a pair of sticks. He out-Maskelyned Mr. Maskelyne and solved the transport problem. He was a wily old fellow, as bibulous as Silenus, as clever as a fox, a Renaissance character if ever there was one in the Far East, for on one occasion he avoided death when invited to dine with the Borgias. In other words, the notorious Empress Wu invited him to Court, but he feigned death so convincingly that signs of putrefaction appeared on his body and the messengers returned without him. He even survived when the Emperor put aconite in his wine. It must have been a near thing, for his teeth blackened, but he knocked them out and wrapped them up in his girdle. Then he rubbed his gums and grew a new set "white and glistening like finest jade." The transport problem? Very simple. He had a faithful white donkey on which he rode many thousands of li daily, drinking and enjoying himself, and when night came he would fold the donkey up like a sheet of notepaper and place it in his cap-box. The next morning he would squirt water from his mouth on to the paper and there would be the donkey again, lively and refreshed, and so on to more drinking and jollifications.

After we have made the acquaintance of this engaging reprobate it is as well to spend a moment with a scholar and a gentleman, Lu Tung Pin (Fig. 1d), the Pure One of Subtle Intellect, in whom the common people paid homage to that which lay beyond their horizon, the ability to pass examinations. This worthy, even as a child, could memorise thousands of lines of the classics each day and, in addition, remained virtuous, in spite of all the temptations of St. Anthony. More worldly success is typified by Chung-Li Ch'uan (Fig. 2e), whose attribute is a fan. He was a marked man from birth, for his lips and cheeks were the colour of cinnabar, his ears large, his nose prominent, the top of his head dome-like, and he never uttered a word until he was seven years old.

It is hardly surprising that with so auspicious a start in life he should have ended up as a general under the Han Dynasty. The remaining three, whose stories are of no consequence, are as follows: Ts'ao Kuo-Chiu, with his castanets (Fig. 2f), Han Hsiang Tzu, with his flute (Fig. 2g), and Lan Ts'ai-Ho, with a flowering spray (Fig. 2h). Is it entirely nonsense, all this magical embroidery? I think not. These and similar amalgams of folklore and the marvellous conceal a good deal of genuine religious aspiration amidst their shrewd worldliness.



FIG. 1. THE FIRST FOUR OF THE EIGHT IMMORTALS OF TAOIST MYTHOLOGY: FROM A COMPLETE SET IN MING DYNASTY POTTERY, THE REMAINDER BEING SHOWN IN FIG. 2.

In this group (a) is Li Tieh Kuai, the Immortal Beggar, a young man in a borrowed body; (b) is Ho Hsien-Ku, the only woman of the group and China's Cinderella; (c) is the magician Chang Kuo Lao, a bibulous reprobate; and (d) is "The Pure One of Subtle Intellect," Lu Tung Pin, the patron of jugglers and barbers.



FIG. 2. THE SECOND FOUR OF THE SET OF THE EIGHT IMMORTALS. THEIR ROBES ARE TURQUOISE AND DEEP BLUE AND THEIR FEATURES AND HANDS ARE GILT.

The most notable of this group is (e) Chung-Li Ch'uan, who had remarkable features, never spoke until he was seven years old, and became a general. The other three are (f) Ts'ao Kuo-Chiu, with his castanets, (g) Han Hsiang Tzu, with a flute, and (h) Lan Ts'ai-Ho, with a flowering spray.

was using in the kitchen. In many representations of this demure little saint she is shown with her ladle—in others, she carries a lotus flower. It is a fragile little story, not without a deep religious significance, which is more than can be said for the legends which have grown up around the majority of her seven

companions. There is another version which is not quite so dramatic, but is worth a line or two. In this, she was walking sadly in the country and feeling very lonely. She met the Patriarch Lü, who gave her a peach. "Eat it," said he. "Eat it all." She ate the peach—which was, of course, a magical peach—and fell into a trance for a whole month. When she woke up she was astonished to find she had been absent from this sad world for so long. In due course she was released from the trammels of the flesh altogether.





THE MAIN VISTA IN THE FESTIVAL PLEASURE GARDENS IN BATTERSEA PARK; WITH FOUNTAIN LAKE IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF THE SERIES OF PAVILIONS AND ARCADES, TOWERS AND GARDENS, WHICH STRETCH FOR ABOUT 250 YARDS SOUTHWARDS FROM THE MAIN CARRIAGE-WAY.



SEATING 450 PEOPLE AND TO STAGE MARIONETTE SHOWS; RECITALS OF SONG AND DANCE; AND LATE EVENING LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT; THE RIVERSIDE THEATRE.



ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT: A VIEW ACROSS FOUNTAIN LAKE IN THE MAIN VISTA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE GIANT FERN-HOUSE, A BUILDING REMINISCENT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A FAIRYLAND OF LIGHT AS DARKNESS FALLS: THE NORTH END OF THE MAIN VISTA, WITH ITS "FOLLIES," TEMPLES AND ARCADES DESIGNED BY OSBERT LANCASTER AND JOHN PIPER, ILLUMINATED AND FLOODLIT TO REVEAL A WORLD OF FANTASY AND QUAIN T INVENTION.

#### ASPECTS OF THE NEWLY-OPENED PLEASURE GARDENS IN BATTERSEA PARK: THE MAIN VISTA AND RIVERSIDE THEATRE.

To the wonders of the South Bank Exhibition and the delights of the Fun Fair has now been added the fantasy and beauty of the Pleasure Gardens which were opened officially on May 28, when there only remained a restaurant and the tree-walk in an unfinished condition. Perhaps the most exciting feature of the Gardens is the Main Vista, designed by Osbert Lancaster and

John Piper, which consists of a series of pavilions and arcades, towers and pagodas, terraces and gardens, lakes and fountains. The pavilions recall the "follies" and temples which adorned the parks of country gentlemen in the late eighteenth century, while other sections are reminiscent of Gothic and Chinese styles, and of the Crystal Palace. Other photographs appear on page 909.



## THE NEW BIRD PAVILION IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS.



(LEFT.) RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DIORAMAS IN THE NEW BIRD PAVILION: MR. E. WHATLEY, WHO IS SEEN PAINTING THE BACKCLOTH FOR THE "BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE" EXHIBIT.

(RIGHT.) SUSPENDED BY NYLON THREADS INVISIBLE TO THE EYE: MODELS OF DUCK IN FLIGHT AGAINST A BACKGROUND WHICH GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF THE INFINITE DEPTH OF A SUMMER SKY.



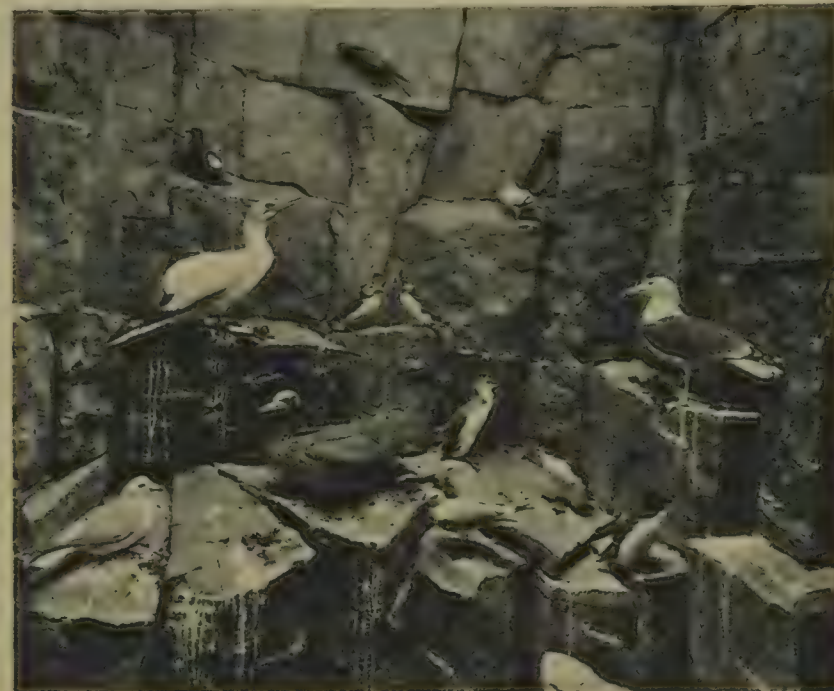
IN A MARSHLAND SETTING: A PAIR OF HERONS—A BIRD FORMERLY PROTECTED FOR FALCONRY AND STILL A COMMON RESIDENT OF OUR RIVERS AND SWAMPS.



THE MARSHLAND HABITAT OF BRITISH WILDFOWL: A DISPLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) A FEMALE POCHARD; DRAKE MALLARD; MALE POCHARD; FEMALE AND MALE TUFTED DUCK.



THE INACCESSIBLE CLIFF-TOP HABITAT OF THE BUZZARD: A BREEDING PAIR DISPLAYED WITH THEIR EGGS AND A NEST BUILT OF STICKS AND LINED WITH GRASS.



SEA-BIRDS AND CLIFF-DWELLERS: (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM) CHOUGH; BLACK GUILLEMOT; ROCK-DOVE; GANNET; TWO PUFFINS; GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL; FULMAR PETREL; YOUNG GUILLEMOT; TWO COMMON GUILLEMOT; RAZORBILL; AND A KITTIWAKE.

In 1944, a flying-bomb exploded in Cromwell Road in front of the Natural History Museum, stripping all the exhibits from the Bird Gallery and the two Mammal Galleries. Within five minutes of the explosion plans were already being discussed for taking advantage of the opportunity presented by this event to modernise the layout and display of the specimens. Fortunately, the greater number had escaped serious damage, although the glass cases were smashed and the specimens were scattered over the floor. Shortly after the end of the war plans were drawn up to this end, but Mr. J. D. Macdonald, assistant Keeper in charge of the bird section, working in close collaboration

with Mr. V. J. Reynolds, of the Ministry of Works, felt that something more than a modernisation of the cases and exhibits was called for. Arising from a chance conversation, the project of a Bird Pavilion began to take shape and, in 1948, almost three years to the day prior to its official opening on May 30, the first design was committed to paper and submitted for consideration to the Trustees of the Museum and the Ministry of Works. The project was accepted with enthusiasm and a model was constructed embodying the suggestions made by Messrs. Macdonald and Reynolds. With slight alterations the model met with final approval, and the work was put in hand, the architect being

(Continued opposite.)



## A UNIQUE DISPLAY: THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM'S NEW BIRD PAVILION.



A VIEW OF THE NEW BIRD PAVILION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FROM THE NORTH END: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE OVAL DOME ILLUMINATED BY CONCEALED LIGHTING, WITH MODELS OF WILDFOWL IN FLIGHT AGAINST A BACKGROUND REPRESENTING A SUMMER SKY.



BIRDS OF THE FARMYARD: A STRIKING DISPLAY WHICH INCLUDES A HOUSE-MARTIN; ROBIN; CHAFFINCHES; SPARROW; BLACKBIRD; BLUE TIT, AND JACKDAW.

*Continued.*

Mr. W. Kendall, of the Ministry of Works. The new Bird Pavilion, as it was named, is situated at the west end of the Bird Gallery, and occupies the site of the old British Pavilion. Its construction has not entailed any structural alteration to the walls and ceiling of the old Pavilion, but it is, as it were, encased by it. The exhibition consists of a series of displays in which systematic series of birds alternate with habitat groups, the whole surmounted by a domed ceiling 51½ ft. long by 31 ft. wide, and painted to represent a summer sky, lit by concealed lighting which gives an impression of infinite depth. Against this background are to be seen models of birds in flight, their method of suspension



THE DOMINATING FEATURE OF THE NEW BIRD PAVILION: AN AWE-INSPIRING EXHIBIT OF A GOLDEN EAGLE, A BIRD OF THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES, WITH WINGS OUTSPREAD, ON A MOUNTAIN CRAG.

being invisible to the eye. The displays were devised by Mr. J. P. Doncaster, the taxidermy and setting of the specimens was carried out by Mr. A. G. Hayward, and the dioramas were painted by Mr. E. Whatley. The exhibits in the Pavilion are likely to be changed from time to time, and this policy will apply more particularly to the models of birds in flight. The formal opening of the new Bird Pavilion and other rehabilitated galleries in the Museum was arranged to take place on May 30, when the Director of the Museum, Dr. G. R. de Beer, F.R.S., and the staff of the Museum were to entertain a large and representative gathering.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY).





# The World of the Cinema.

## MONOTONOUSLY TRIUMPHANT.

By ALAN DENT.

ONE has not heard Caruso. One has but heard those who heard Caruso, and they all say, as goes almost without saying, something which begins: "Your Gigli is all very well, but . . ." Far more impressive and far less depressing was the remark once made to me (by an old gentleman of great taste and experience in opera-going) to the effect that Jean de Reszke, now recognised as Caruso's predecessor in the line instituted early last century by Mario, was a far greater artist than Caruso, but had nothing like his resonance, power and sweetness. "As an instrument it was matchless," said my old friend of the Caruso voice.

Vainly one looks for verification of this opinion in the musical criticisms of Bernard Shaw. But these appeared between 1889 and 1894, and are therefore of little help. Mario died in 1883, and Shaw, though he often mentions him as having been a great legend of his youth, does not appear to have actually heard him. At the other extreme, Caruso did not sing in England until 1902, by which time Shaw had become a playwright and had ceased to be a professional critic of any sort. We may thus be endlessly beguiled by Shaw's perceptive wit at the expense of the great De Reszkes ("Brother Jean and Brother Edouard") throughout their double heyday, without being able to learn whether or not Jean de Reszke's mantle in course of time could be convincingly cut to the shape of Caruso.

Vindication of my old friend's judgment comes to hand, however, in the deep heart of the lordly autobiography of another gentleman of great taste and experience, none other than Sir Osbert Sitwell, who offers this delectable passage in his "Great Morning" where he is writing of the sunset of Edwardianism: "Melba and Caruso, when, fat as two elderly thrushes, they trilled at each other over the hedges of tiaras, summed up in themselves the age, no less than Sargent netted it for others. Not only was Caruso as natural a singer as the thrush resembled, the blackbird, or the conventional nightingale to which he was compared, but contradictorily, for all its lack of art, his voice, carrying in its strains, in the sound of those notes which he was able to attain and hold as could no other singer of that or of a later day, the warm breath of summer evenings in an orange grove, and of roses, caught in the hush of dusk at the water's edge, possessed, as well as a high degree of technique, a certain kind of art. Of Melba the same cannot be said. . . ."

Caruso, in other words, would seem to have managed his breathing quite as miraculously and as felicitously as does Sir Osbert himself—so to speak—when he embarks upon a sentence of such lush and hazardous and all-but-breath-taking length.

We may now see a film about the famous tenor—"The Great Caruso" it is called—which has, on the whole, repelled those men and women of taste and experience, the film-critics, but which will undoubtedly give a large amount of innocent pleasure to the masses or "the poor silly millions" (a phrase which no less an authority than Bernard Shaw ascribes to no less a source than Karl Marx!). Incidentally, I should imagine that this film has received exactly the kind of critical reception that its makers expected, and that it will be received with exactly the amount of public acclaim for which those makers had hoped. For it is very precisely the kind of film which the public adores for exactly those reasons which repel the fastidious. It is—in a word, or at least in a letter—banal, big, boisterous, boastful, bright, breezy, bathetic and as bouncing as a balloon.

The film is based on a biography of the great singer from the pen of his widow, Dorothy Caruso. This lady is impersonated in the film by Ann Blyth, and she has given herself some very remarkable things to say and do. It seems to have been Mrs. Caruso's

habit to sit in a prominent box at the opera, alone and unattended, and she says to her husband afterwards, with a frankness that is very nearly winning in its intensity: "When the lights are on they look at me, and when the lights are off I can



"A FILM WHICH HAS, ON THE WHOLE, REPELLED THOSE MEN AND WOMEN OF TASTE AND EXPERIENCE, THE FILM-CRITICS, BUT WHICH WILL UNDOUBTEDLY GIVE A LARGE AMOUNT OF INNOCENT PLEASURE TO THE MASSES OR 'THE POOR SILLY MILLIONS'": "THE GREAT CARUSO," A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING (L. TO R.) CARUSO (MARIO LANZA); GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA (EDUARD FRANZ); DOROTHY BENJAMIN (ANN BLYTH); LOUISE HEGGAR (DOROTHY KIRSTEN) AND PARK BENJAMIN (CARL BENTON REID).



"IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE HAPPINESS OF THE CARUSOS AS THE SCRAPPINESS OF THE MUSIC WHICH MUST TEND TO MAKE THIS FILM INSUPPORTABLE TO THE DISCRIMINATING": "THE GREAT CARUSO" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER), SHOWING CARUSO (MARIO LANZA) WITH HIS WIFE (ANN BLYTH) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM.

look at you—I like the excitement!" A considerable portion of the story is taken up with the tedious narrative of how the lady's rich and socially aspiring father did not approve of her allying herself in marriage to a mere opera-singer, and of how this opposition was, very, very gradually, dissolved. It is revealed, too, that the sole offspring of the ultimate marriage was born while Caruso was singing in the sextet in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and that news of the baby-girl's arrival was passed from the stage

to the orchestra, from the orchestra to the stalls, from the stalls to the boxes, from the boxes to the circle, and from the circle to the gallery. Surely, after this elaborately absurd but not displeasing episode, the Carusos might have called the infant Lucia? They called her instead Gloria, Graziana Vittoria America—the first because she was born at the height of her father's glory, the second after her revered grandmother, the third because the Allies had just beaten the Germans, and the fourth because of her native land.

This film-biography assures us that Caruso was as model as husband and father as he was model as a singer. His behaviour was as flawless as his singing, which continued serenely pure and strong right up to the sudden collapse of his voice just after the last act of a performance of Flotow's "Martha" in 1921—the year in which he died at the early age of forty-eight. Happiness—for those not participating in it—is notoriously a little dull; and a career without setbacks, other than that ridiculous father-in-law's opposition, cannot avoid being a mere series of "unusual triumphs," each one being a shade more usual than the one before. But it is not so much the happiness of the Carusos as the scrappiness of the music which must tend to make this film insupportable to the discriminating. A robust and reasonably handsome Italian tenor, Mario Lanza, impersonates Caruso himself. It is easy for microphones to

enlarge his voice to something like the power and resonance of the original. But Lanza has some of the requisite sweetness as well, and he acts quite as well as—by all accounts—Caruso himself did.

The critics, I feel sure, would have been better pleased if Caruso had given us the whole of something. He sang, instead, hardly anything but scraps. Canio only half-broke his heart at donning that motley. The wicked Duke in "Rigoletto" only half-assured us about the fickleness of women. Manrico in "Trovatore" only just began to sigh to rest him. And Radames, having hailed Aida as celestial, almost at once refrained and went on to something else. But this is the way of great musical performers in films, and the way the public likes them. Vividly I remember Paderewski in a film called "Moonlight Sonata" insisting on playing the whole of Beethoven's work and not only the few bars expected of him. The camera just had to concentrate on his leonine head and on his masterful hands while he had his way. The story—which took in Marie Tempest and some other good players—also had to stand by. The result was not a good film. But it was an unforgettable experience which I shall remember long after I have forgotten many better films.

Meanwhile Caruso's representative gives us nothing more than some of Caruso's big moments and top notes. The film is exactly what the film-public wants. It is generous and it is—in its rough-and-ready way—glorious. Its technique is assured, and there is in it very little of that plaguey thing called art.

Another new film called "Payment on Demand" gives us the history of a very different sort of marriage. Here Bette Davis brilliantly shows us a climbing wife who turns her husband into a great business and social and worldly success, and then rounds on him when he informs her that he is weary of her unceasing ambition. Will she divorce him, then? Yes, but at the price not only of all his worldly wealth but of his favourite unwedded daughter. The film is marred by an utterly false and utterly unlikely ending. But it remains immensely worth seeing for Miss Davis's subtle and steely and diamond-lustrous study of the wife—the sort of thing which she has done before, but which she has the art to make anew and with new facets, and to keep burningly interesting and alive.



## MODERN AND ANCIENT: EVENTS OF THE SEASON OF FESTIVAL.



BRINGING BACK A BREATH OF "EMETT" TO THE RAILWAYS OF THIS ISLAND: THE TAL-Y-LLYN RAILWAY RUNS AGAIN FROM TOWYN, ON THE COAST, TO ABERGYNOLWYN. Amateurs of railways will be delighted to learn that the famous Tal-y-llyn Railway, that ancient steam-hauled, narrow-gauged railway which runs from Towyn, on the Merioneth coast, to Abergynolwyn, is once more alive, thanks to the activities of a society which has put the line in running order again.



ONE OF THE WESTLAND-SIKORSKY S-51 HELICOPTERS WITH WHICH BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS PLANNED TO OPEN ON JUNE 1 A DAILY HELICOPTER PASSENGER SERVICE OPERATING BETWEEN LONDON AIRPORT, NORTHOLT, AND BIRMINGHAM AIRPORT.



THE 7700-TON SWEDISH LLOYD LINER PATRICIA BACKING UNDER TOWER BRIDGE—THE BIGGEST LINER EVER TO DO SO—AT THE CLOSE OF HER MAIDEN TRIP TO LONDON. On May 25 the Swedish passenger liner, *Patricia*, the latest, biggest and most modern of North Sea passenger liners, ended her maiden trip from Gothenburg, bringing 400 passengers to the Festival in London. She was built by Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, of Wallsend, Tyneside.



SINGING IN THE ROMAN BATH AT BATH: THE BATH BACH CHOIR, DURING ONE OF THE CONCERTS OF THE TOWN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE FESTIVAL—THE BATH ASSEMBLY, 1951.

For Festival year, the annual Bath Assembly has been developed and augmented, and during its fortnight's run (May 20 to June 2) has been the occasion of many delights. Drama, music, ballet, painting were all represented, and other items ranged from a congress of writers to firework displays.



SHERLOCK HOLMES AT HOME—IN EFFIGY: THE FAMOUS ROOM, IN BAKER STREET RE-CREATED IN ONE OF MARYLEBONE'S MOST NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FESTIVAL SPIRIT.

KEY: (1) The effigy of Holmes which attracted Colonel Moran's fire; (2) Retorts and chemical apparatus; (3) Pipe-rack; (4) Coal-scuttle with pipe and cigar-box; (5) Persian slipper holding tobacco; (6) Hunting-crops; (7) Deed-box; (8) Microscope; (9) Snake-skin (? "The Speckled Band"). On May 21, the Mayor of St. Marylebone opened an exhibition in honour of the borough's most famous inhabitant, who never lived in it—Sherlock Holmes. The exhibition is in Abbey House, Baker Street, where a wonderful collection of memorials and reconstructions of the saga has been got together.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

### FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TO the accomplished storyteller, airs of realism are a great asset; they form a soothing vehicle, which makes the whole concoction slip down. Whereas the actual quality of life is more disturbing, and may be rejected as an odd flavour. "Danger from Deer," by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is a first-rate example of the easy line: easy to assimilate, that is, for to apply it smoothly needs a special talent—and one that thoroughly deserves its keep. For after all, the basic duty of a novelist is to be readable. This book is readable in grain.

We start with the last act: with Mrs. Ambros as a frail and gracious old lady, hurrying to meet her boy, on his return from overseas, and wreck his marriage. That is a mother's duty, and an act of righteousness. As she can't travel or exist alone, she is accompanied by Joy, her ill-named, prematurely withered stepdaughter—who is her niece as well, since Florian Ambros married his deceased wife's sister. Even on a crowded train, the sweet old lady is assured of ease; she quickly faints her way into the best seat, and the reserved compartment. Thus she has gone through life, indomitably helpless, crushing all obstacles—and incidentally the will and happiness of all around her. Charley alone remains, and it is his turn now.

But Joy, the withered Joy, has borne too much; she is resolved to save her brother, even at the cost of suicide. Instead of which, in the ensuing struggle, Mrs. Ambros falls off the train.

And then they both have leisure to reflect. For the old lady—most improbably, yet true to form—although bruised, stunned, bewildered in the rain and dark, is not much hurt, and very far from *hors de combat*. And as she stumbles vaguely towards help, new thoughts arise. Perhaps she *did* love Florian in the wrong way. Perhaps she spoils his musical career, and broke his heart. Perhaps his death, as well as Maud's, from whom she snatched him, is at her door. Perhaps she shouldn't interfere with Charley after all. . . . While these reflections are at work, Joy, at the wayside station, is indulging in her own flashbacks, and waiting passively for doom. Either she must denounce herself, or Mother will denounce her. It seems so obvious—but Mother's night-walk has effected a complete change.

In this abbreviated form, the gloss of realism does not show up. But it is there all right. And Florian is Viennese; so we have old Vienna alternating, as a background, with the San Francisco of the Great Fire. And I need hardly add, the narrative is deftly woven.

"Long Vacation," by Michael Harrison (Werner Laurie; 12s. 6d.), is neither deft nor plausible, but it is full of life—of human oddities and personal reactions. The setting is Plantation Road, five genteel villas in a dreary suburb of "Watermouth"—so called, but easily identified at half a glance. The year is 1920, and the inspiration might be called nostalgic. Though not in any usual sense: for nearly all the characters are cranks, or idiots, or senile rakes, or, if more normal, very definitely homespun. Of such is Watermouth, at least its seedy fringe. But then, the hero is a small boy. We are not limited to his impressions, but we seem to look back with him and share his memories to be. And thus dull squalor is excluded, and nostalgia seeps in, through all the layers of farce, and irony, and conscious rancour. It is a vengeful, almost a ferocious book. It overflows with natural absurdity. Things happen—savage and decisive things; but though a scrap of usefulness has been contrived for almost all hands, the build-up, topographical and human, is the real story.

And so it can't be told in brief. Denis is staying with his Aunt Nell, who keeps a boarding-house. And in these summer months, he is afflicted with a "best friend"—the most revolting little monster of a boy to have appeared in fiction, but completely boyish: grotesquely, brilliantly alive. Eric has just one virtue, if it is a virtue; he creates excitement. And in return, among the cranks and idiots, he meets a ghastly fate. Perhaps deserved—but Denis's remorse for evil wishing seems to have good grounds.

"This Was the Old Chief's Country," by Doris Lessing (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is neither over-personal nor superficial. It is a book of stories from South Africa, in which the land itself, deeply and intimately loved, is the first charm and obvious connecting link. But it is not the only one, nor does it thrust into the foreground, to eclipse humanity. There is no need, since it is always felt. The people grow out of the place; it is because they live in Africa that their ideas and conflicts, and their ways of living, are what they are. By its necessity they are controlled, and one might say that the prevailing theme is the *impasse*: the racial gulf that nobody can bridge, the social pattern no one can defy, the losing struggle to adapt, the buried angers and frustrations of the more adaptable. The gulf of race is sketched most broadly in the title-story, where the title says everything; it reappears in "Leopard," "George" and "No Witchcraft for Sale," and, with the most pathetic force, in "Little Tembi"—in which the plainest cravings of a child are unintelligible to the kindest heart, because he is black. "The Second Hut" depicts the losing struggle of the immigrant; in "Old John's Place" there is a vain attempt to break inviolable pattern—and so on. The tone is stern, unyielding in its want of hope, but it is never dismal; it leaves a warm effect of beauty and profound compassion. Usually, when told a modern novel is "compassionate," I look for something rather nasty to be glossed over. But it is not so here.

"Ticket to Oblivion," by Robert Parker (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), is a spy thriller. Scarcely has the young American arrived in Paris on his secret mission, when he tangles with a co-spy—a lovely redhead, but employed by whom? Her trail gives access to the Russians, and to advance knowledge that they are introducing saboteurs from Hungary. So now he has to prove it, and prevent the sabotage. This further task, and the accustomed rashness of a thriller-hero, lead to much plot and counter-plot, to many near-fatalities, and feats of wonderful endurance—and in the end, of course, to a resounding triumph. Seldom have more vicissitudes and thrills been packed in such a small space.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE already mentioned the Postal Chess League, in which teams of ten from all parts of the British Isles engage in chess through the mails.

The first of the year's fifteen-hundred game results are trickling in, and, as usual, contain some piquant catastrophes.

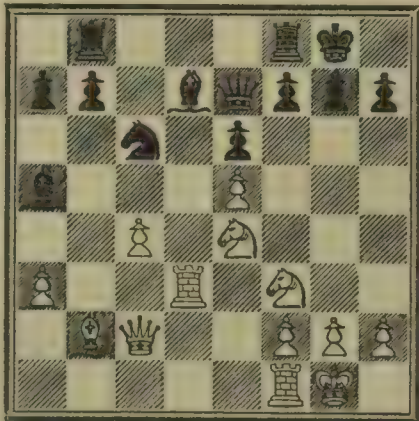
### Vienna Opening.

C. W.	O. C.	C. W.	O. C.
BULLOWS.	ARTHUR.	BULLOWS.	ARTHUR.
(Mutual Chess Club, Birmingham.)	(C. A. Parsons', Heaton.)	(Mutual Chess Club, Birmingham.)	(C. A. Parsons', Heaton.)
1. P-K4	P-K4	7. P×P	Q-K1
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	8. Q-Q5ch	K-Kt2
3. B-B4	Kt×P	9. B-Kt5	B-K2
4. B×Pch	K×B	10. Kt-B6	Q-B2
5. Kt×Kt	P-KKt3	11. B-R6ch	Resigns.
6. P-Q4	Kt-B3		The queen is lost.

The next game has an original and beautiful finish.

### Sicilian Defence.

LT.-COL.	F.	LT.-COL.	F.
W. H. KNOX.	COOPER.	W. H. KNOX.	COOPER.
(Old Cestrians Chess Club.)	(Stoke-on-Trent "Victory" C.C.)	(Old Cestrians Chess Club.)	(Stoke-on-Trent "Victory" C.C.)
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. B-Kt2	P×P
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	11. P×P	Kt-R3
3. P-K5	Kt-Q4	12. B-K2	Kt-B4
4. P-QB4	Kt-B2	13. Castles(K)	Castles
5. P-QKt4	P-K3	14. QR-Q1	Q-K2
6. P×P	B×P	15. B-Q3	Kt×B
7. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	16. R×Kt	B-Q2
8. P-Q4	B-Kt5	17. Kt-K4	B-R4
9. Q-B2	P-Q3	18. P-QR3	QR-Kt1



19. Kt-B6ch! P×Kt 21. R-Q5! Resigns.  
20. P×P Q-B4

For if 21... P×R; 22. Kt-Kt5 and Black cannot avoid mate.

The last game is from the Fourth Division. Won by Mr. T. Stoddart of the London Transport team, with some kind co-operation by his opponent, from a Dutch Defence:

1. P-Q4	P-KB4	8. B-Kt5	P-KR3
2. P-KKt3	P-K3	9. B×Kt	Q×B
3. P-QB4	P-Q3	10. P-Q5	P-K4
4. B-Kt2	Kt-KB3	11. P-K4	P-B5
5. Kt-KB3	P-QKt3	12. Kt-KR4	P×P
6. Kt-B3	P-B4	13. BP×P	Q-Q1
7. Castles	B-Kt2	14. Q-KR5ch	Resigns.

wanderings I must recommend with due warmth "Royal Festival Hall; The Official Record" (Max Parrish; 30s.). This remarkably attractive book describes why the Festival Hall was built and also, in detail, how it was built. Seldom can so much care and thought have been lavished on the sound-insulation, the anti-vibration, acoustic and other devices essential to a concert hall which is to cater for the most exacting of music-lovers from all over the world. Sir Malcolm Sargent, mourning the loss of the old Queen's Hall, at which he conducted the last concert before it was burned to the ground by a German bomb in 1941, contributes an introduction, as is appropriate in the Royal Festival Hall's musical adviser, and that most engaging of architects, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, contributes a typical personal appreciation. The illustrations are attractive and the drawings simple enough even for this reviewer to follow. A worthy contribution to Festival year and one which music-lovers from all over the world will treasure.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

ERRATUM.—On page 847 of our May 26 issue, the head described as "Pilt-down Man" should be called "Neanderthal Man"; and that described as "Neanderthal Man" should be called "Woman of the Pilt-down type." We regret this extremely unfortunate error which was copied from the Dome of Discovery exhibit, where the heads were thus incorrectly named when the photographs were taken and for some time subsequently.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### THE WEST INDIES AND THE FAR SOUTH.

MR. PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR has already achieved fame as one of the captors of the German General Kreipe near his own headquarters in Crete—that incredible tale which nevertheless is fact and not fiction. More recently he made a journey by all the means of transport to be found in that part of the world through the West Indies. The result is "The Traveller's Tree" (Murray; 21s.), a long and interesting book on the history, customs and culture of a region which has played so large a part in the story of the English, but of which the average Englishman or woman knows so remarkably little. Mr. Leigh Fermor has an observant eye and a lively pen, and Mr. A. Costa, who accompanied him, is a photographer of signal merit. They began their journey in Guadaloupe, where they encountered those charming relics of pre-Revolutionary France, the Créoles—a term much misunderstood here. Créole—from the Spanish word *criollo*—applies to Europeans born in the West Indies of pure white descent, whereas a Frenchman from France is "un Français de la métropole." But it is also used for anything West Indian—hence the confusion—when it is not applied to a human being, such as créole cooking or the extraordinary patois of the negro. This must indeed be attractive to hear, as also the habit of substituting a "w" for the "r." Mr. Leigh Fermor has much to say about the Caribs, that strange and not unattractive race whose fierceness and untractability left the European colonists no alternative but gradual extermination so that not more than 500 survive to-day. He quotes much from the writings of Père Labat, the courageous, humorous monk who, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, travelled widely in the West Indies and recorded what he saw. The Caribs were still cannibals in his day, though "they devoured their victims as a warlike ceremonial or in a rage, never out of sheer gluttony." A French traveller of half-a-century earlier maintained that the Caribs were distinct gourmets, esteeming a Frenchman (or is this mere national pride?) as "delicious and by far the best of the Europeans." The English were regarded as being nearly as tasty. The Dutch, as might have been expected from their national characteristics, were "dull and rather tasteless"; while as to the Spaniards, they were "so stringy and full of gristle as to be practically uneatable." Conscientious Caribs, one infers, consumed them as a duty and not as a pleasure. I am glad that (however one's pride might have swelled at the epicure's glint in the eye of the *maître du restaurant carib*) I can never fall into their hands. For "the victims were prepared while still alive, by cutting slits down the back and sides into which pimentos and other herbs were stuffed. After being despatched with a mace, they were trussed to poles and roasted over a medium fire. . . ."

Mr. Leigh Fermor has a most happy knack of combining the subjective and objective, of blending the history of others with the personal experiences of himself and his companions. Perhaps some historian-traveller of two hundred years hence will draw on "The Traveller's Tree" as Mr. Leigh Fermor draws on de Rochfort and Père Labat, and with the same agreeable profit.

Far to the south of Mr. Leigh Fermor's pleasant tropic islands is a less attractive region. This is the Antarctic, an area much in dispute and one where a weak Government here has led us to have our tails twisted by Argentines, Chileans, *et al.* In "The Antarctic Problem," Mr. E. W. Hunter Christie (Allen and Unwin; 25s.) gives a most interesting historical account of the frozen South, and explains the economic and political reasons why this unattractive part of the world is the object of so much envy and covetousness. This has even led the Russians to hold an "Antarctic Day," in 1949, and announce, of course, that they discovered the Antarctic. Mr. Christie points out the strategic importance of Antarctica, not only because of the three major Fleet actions which have been fought by the Royal Navy based on Port Stanley, but because the shortest route between Australia and New Zealand and South America is the "great circle" air route over the Antarctic. Mr. Christie believes that while the Argentine and Chilean Governments have some claims in the region—which he sets out for the first time in English—in any International Court the British claims must succeed. Indeed, the fact that the Argentine hastily withdrew its probing expedition in 1943 was due to the strength, and the Chilean and Argentine penetration of Antarctica in 1947 to the weakness of Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Attlee's Governments respectively. This is a valuable book which, one can only hope, will be read in Whitehall as well as in the armchair of the private citizen.

To come nearer home from such widespread wanderings I must recommend with due warmth "Royal Festival Hall; The Official Record" (Max Parrish; 30s.). This remarkably attractive book describes why the Festival Hall was built and also, in detail, how it was built. Seldom can so much care and thought have been lavished on the sound-insulation, the anti-vibration, acoustic and other devices essential to a concert hall which is to cater for the most exacting of music-lovers from all over the world. Sir Malcolm Sargent, mourning the loss of the old Queen's Hall, at which he conducted the last concert before it was burned to the ground by a German bomb in 1941, contributes an introduction, as is appropriate in the Royal Festival Hall's musical adviser, and that most engaging of architects, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, contributes a typical personal appreciation. The illustrations are attractive and the drawings simple enough even for this reviewer to follow. A worthy contribution to Festival year and one which music-lovers from all over the world will treasure.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



The illustration depicts a silversmith in a workshop, focused on his craft. He is seated, working on a piece of silverware. In the foreground, there are several finished silver pieces, including a teapot and a vase. The background features a stylized map of London, with the River Thames flowing through it. Key landmarks and streets are labeled, including Euston, Kings Cross, Farringdon Road, Clerkenwell Road, St Paul's, the Royal Exchange, the Tower of London, and the London Bridge. A crest with the word 'Silver' and 'BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP' is prominently displayed on the map.

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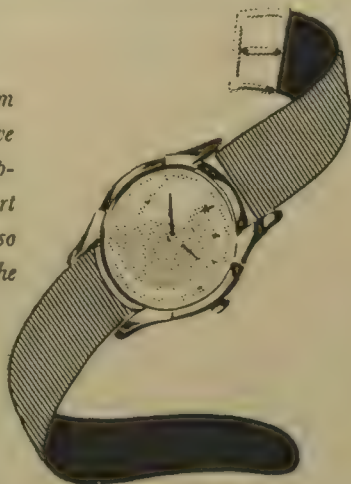
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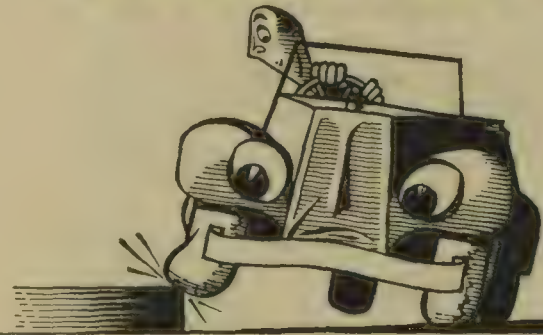


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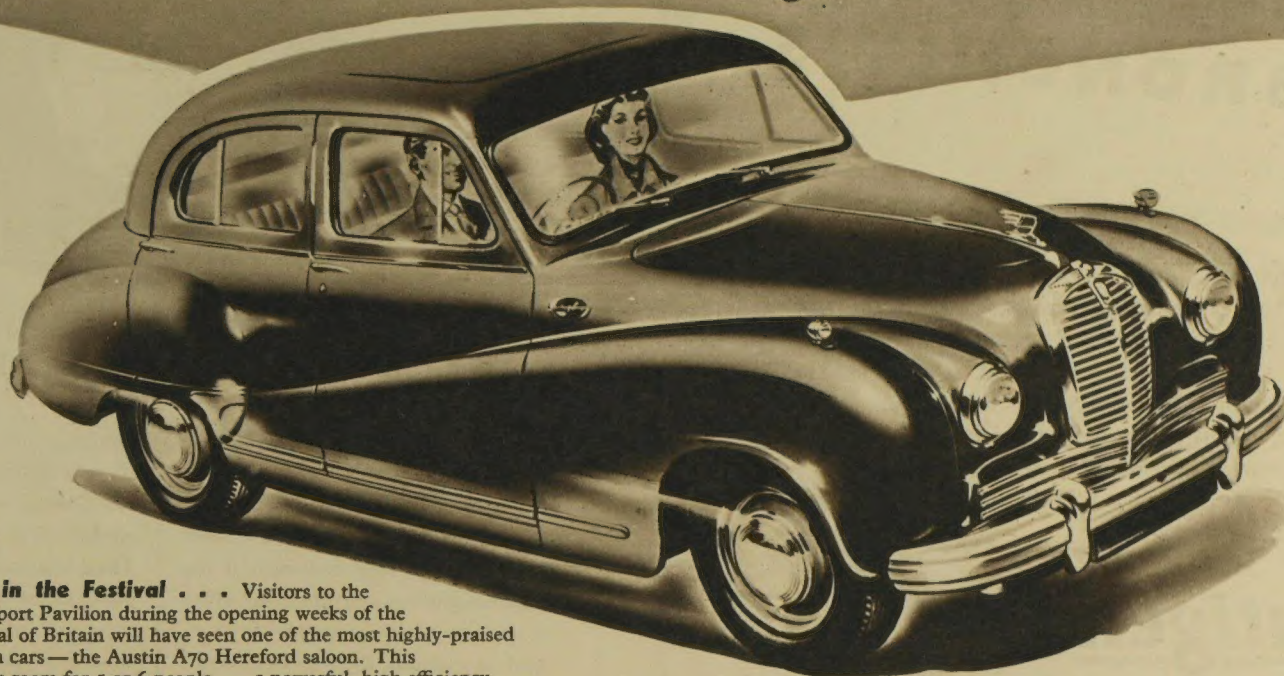
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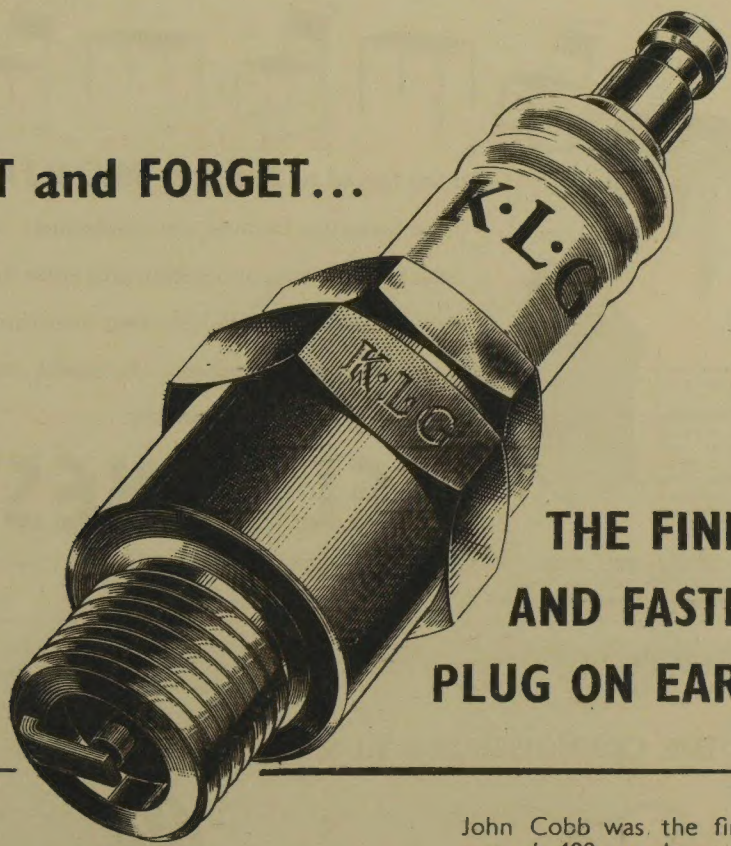


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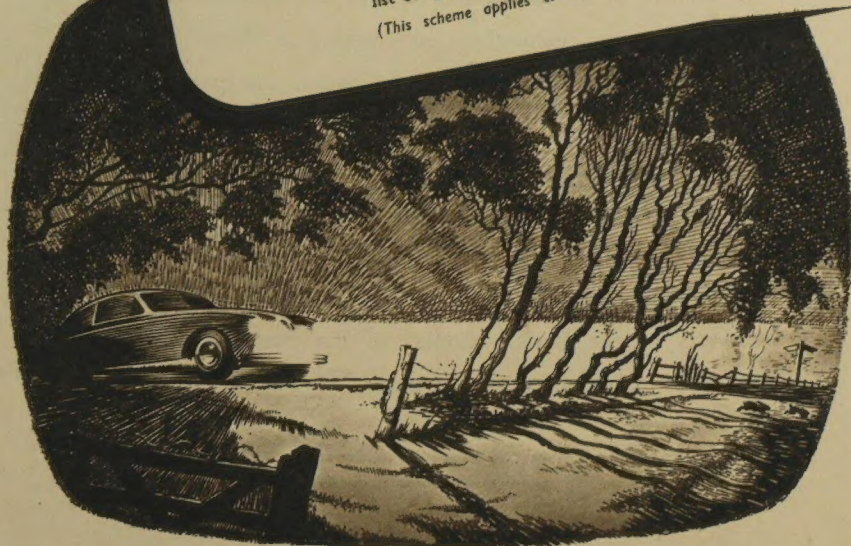
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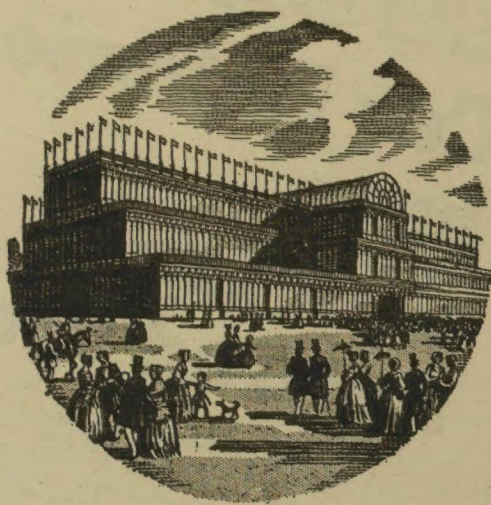
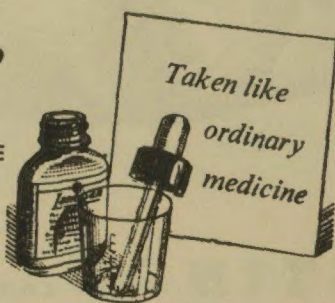
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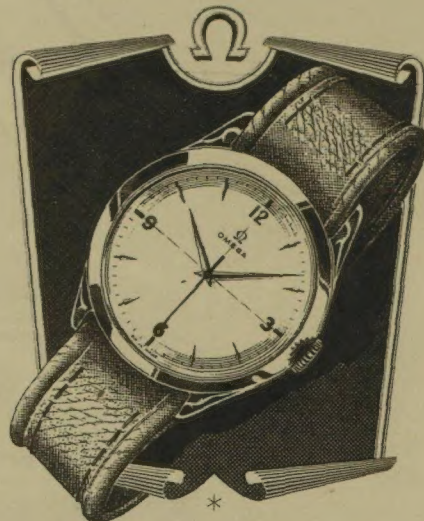
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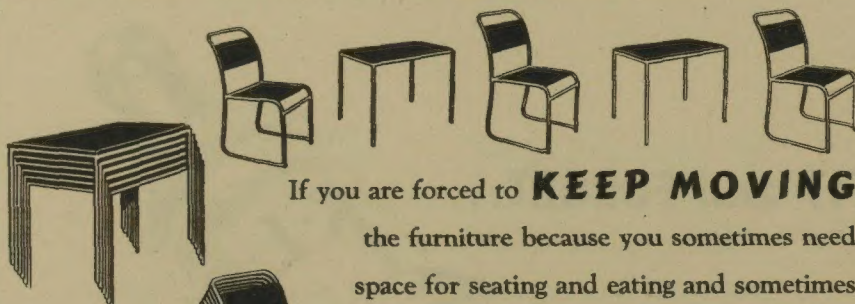
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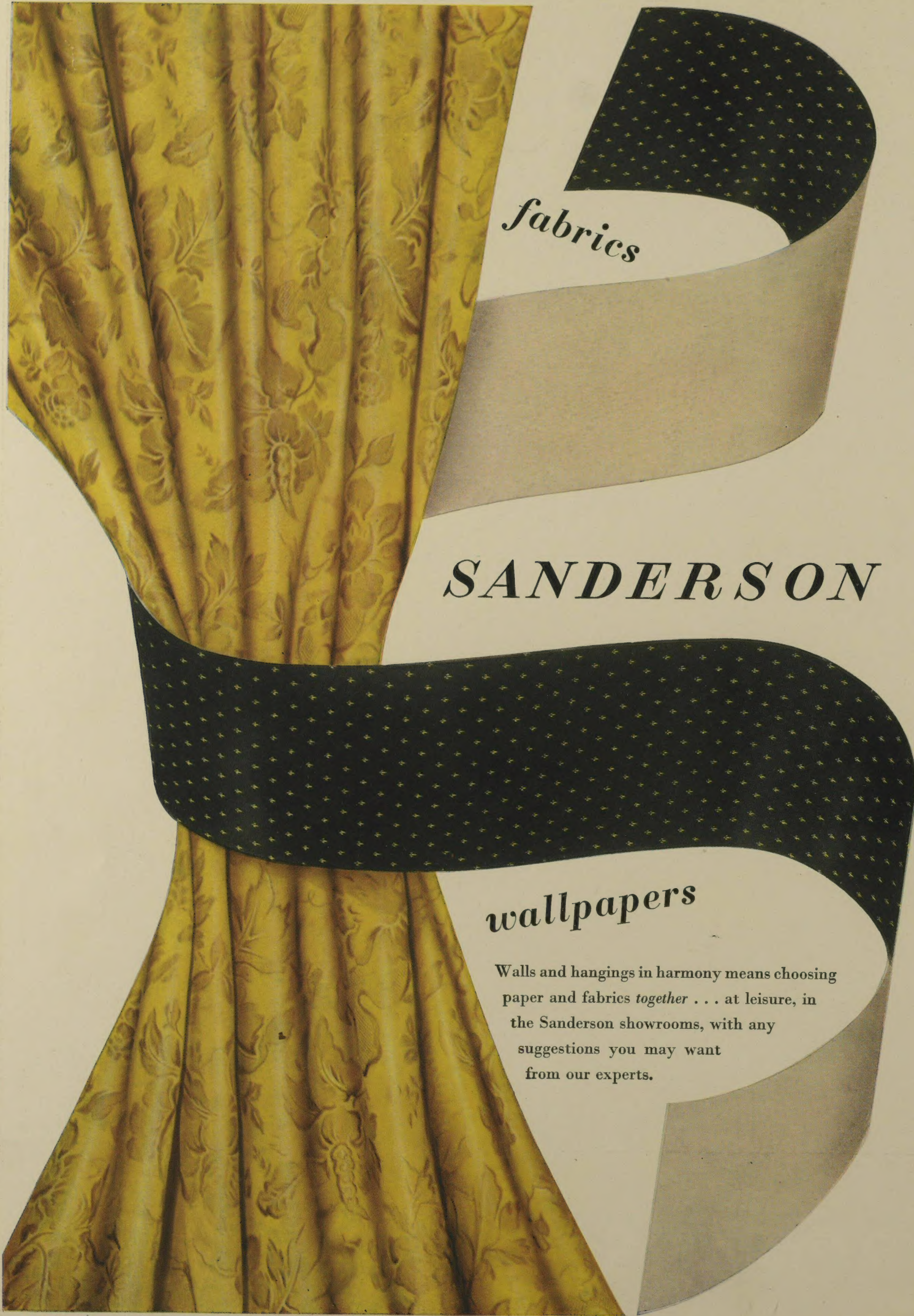


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